

A

COLLECTION AND SELECTION

OF

ENGLISH

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUES.

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COLLECTION AND SELECTION
OF
ENGLISH
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

COMMENCING WITH
SHAKESPEARE,
AND CONCLUDING WITH
GARRICK.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

Why there should be an Epilogue to a Play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
Why they were made, was to intreat the grace,
Of such as were spectators.—

EPIL. TO THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR
FIELDING AND WALKER, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
MDCCLXXIX.

30

COLLECTION AND SELECTION

ENGLISH

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

COMMENCED WITH

S H A K E S P E A R E



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

Why there should be an Epilogue to a Play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
Why they were made, was to instruct the reader,
Of such as were before.

AS TO THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

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MDCCLXXXV.

EPILOGUES.

A D D I S O N.

EPILOGUE TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tuned his lyre to pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he played,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd;
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming-rod, and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage *Urganda* wave the circling wand,
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull fights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,

A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
 And pall the sense with one continued show ?
 But as our two magicians by their skill,
 The visions vary, tho' the place stands still,
 While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
 Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
 Thus, without *unity of place* transgress,
 Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
 Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise,
 There's none can make amends for lost delight,
 While from that circle we divert your sight.

[*Pointing to the boxes.*]

FARQUHAR.

EPILOGUE TO

LOVE AND A BOTTLE.

SPOKEN BY JO. HAYNES, IN MOURNING.

I Come not here, your poet's fate to see,
 He and his play may both be damn'd for me :
 No, royal theatre, I come to mourn for thee.
 And must those structures then untimely fall,
 Whilst th' other house stands, and gets the devil and all ?
 Must still kind fortune through all weathers steer 'em,
 And beauties bloom there, spite of *edax rerum* ?
Vivitor ingenio, that damn'd motto there,

[*Looking up at it.*
 Seduc'd.

Seduc'd me first to be a wicked player.

Hard times, indeed : *O tempora ! O mores !*

I know that stage must down, where not one whore is.

But can you have the hearts, tho'—(pray now speak,)

After all our services, to let us break ;

Ye cannot do't ,unless the devil's in ye :

What arts, what merit, ha'n't we used to win ye ?

First, to divert you with some new French strollers ;

We brought ye *bona feres, barba colars.*

[*Mocking the late singers.*]

When the male throats no longer drew your money ;

We got you an eunuch's pipe, *Signior Ramponi.*

That beardless songster we cou'd ne'er make much on ;

The females found a damn'd blotch in his 'scutcheon.

An Italian now w'ave got of mighty fame,

Don Sigismonda Fidele—there's music in his name ;

His voice is like the music of the spheres,

It shou'd be heavenly for the price it bears. [20l. a time.

He's a handsome fellow too, looks brisk and trim :

If he don't take ye, then the de'el take him,

Besides, lest our own white faces mayn't delight ye,

We've pickt up gypsies now to please or fright ye.

Lastly, to make our house more courtly shine.

As travel does the men of modé refine,

So our stage-heroes did their tour design.

To mend their manners, and coarse English feeding,

They went to Ireland to improve their breeding ;

Yet, for all this, we still are at a loss,

Oh, Collier ! Collier ! thou'st frightened away Miss *Cross* :

She, to return our foreigners complaisance,

At Cupid's call, has made a trip to France.

Love's fire-arms here, are since not worth a fous :

We've lost the only touch-hole of our house.

Losing that jewel, gave us a fatal blow :

Well, if thin audience must Jo. Haynes undo ;

Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy fate, O stage !

Resist the vows of this obdurate age :

I'll then grow wiser, leave off playing the fool,

And hire this play-house for a boarding-school.

D'ye think the maids won't be in a sweet condition,

When they are under Jo. Haynes's grave tuition ?

They'll have no occasion then, I'm sure, to play,

They'll have such comings in another way.

EPILOGUE TO THE

CONSTANT COUPLE.

NOW all depart each his respective way,
To spend an evening's chat upon the play ;
Some to Hippolito's ; one homeward goes ;
And one with loving she, retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous pair, in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the play in number three.
The tearing spark, if Phyllis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' drawer's head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To coffee some retreat to save their pockets,
Others, more generous, damn the play at Locket's.
But there, I hope, the author's fears are vain.
Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champagne.

That

That poet merits an ignoble death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteeth.
The privilege of wine we only ask,
You'll taste again before you damn the flask.
Our author fears not you ; but those he may,
Who in cold blood murder a man in tea.
Those men of spleen, who, fond the world should know it,
Sit down, and for their two-pence damn a poet.
Their criticism's good, that we can say for't ;
They understood a play—too well to pay for't,
From box to stage, from stage to box they run,
First steal the play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what fate may us betide,
Among our friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.
But those, I think, have but one rule for plays ;
They'll say they're good, if so the world but says.
If it should please them, and their spouses know it,
They strait enquire what kind of man's the poet.
But from side-box we dread a fearful doom,
All the good-natur'd beaus have gone to Rome.
The ladies censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a line or two t'engage their vote :
But that way's odd, below our author's aim,
No less than his whole play is compliment to them.
For their sakes then the play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' critics may want wit, they have good breeding ;
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the ladies' graces,
By shewing their ill-nature to their faces ;
Our business with good manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS AT HIS FIRST APPEARANCE
UPON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

AS a poor stranger wreck'd upon the coast;
With fear and wonder views the dangers past;
So I with dreadful apprehensions stand,
And thank those pow'rs that brought me safe to land,
With joy I view the smiling country o'er,
And find, kind heav'ns! an hospitable shore.
'Tis England——This your charities declare,
But more the charms of British beauties there;
Beauties that celebrate this isle afar,
They by their smiles, as much as you by war;
True love, true honour, here I can't fail to play,
Such lively patterns you before me lay.
Void of offence, tho' not from censure free,
I left a distant isle too kind to me:
Loaded with favours I was forc'd away,
'Cause I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.
There I cou'd please; but there my fame must end,
For hither none must come to boast, but mend.
Improvement must be great, since here I find
Precepts, examples, and my masters kind,

EPILOGUE TO

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

VENTRE bleu ! vere is dis dam poet ? vere,
 Garçon ! me vil cut off all his two ear :
 Je suis enragé—now he is not here.
 He has affront de French ! Le vilaine bete !
 De French ! your best friend—you suffre dat ?
 Parbleu ! Messieurs a ferait fort ingrate !
 Vat have you English dat you can call your own ?
 Vat have you of grand pleasure in dis town,
 Vidout it come from France, dat vil go down !
 Picquet, basset ; your vin, your drefs, your dance :
 'Tis all, you see, tout a-la-mode de France.
 De beau dere buy a hondre of knick-knack ;
 He carry out wit, but seldom bring it back :
 But den he bring a snuff-box hinge, so small
 De joint you can no see de vark at all,
 Cost him five pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
 In tree year it fall save half an ounce of snuffe.
 De coquet, she have her ratafia dere,
 Her gown, her complexion, deux yeux, her lovere.
 As for de cuckold——dat indeed you can make here.
 De French it is dat teach de lady wear
 De short muff, wit her vite elbow bare ;
 De beaux de large muff, wit his sleeve down dere.*
 Ve teach your vifes to ope their husbands purses,
 To put de furbelo round dere coach, and dere horses.

* Pointing to his fingers.

Garçon ! ve teach you every ting de varle ;
 For vy den your damn poet dare to snarle ?
 Begar, me vil be revenge upon his play,
 Tree toufan refugeé (parbleu c'est vray)
 Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird day.

EPILOGUE TO
 THE TWIN RIVALS.

SPOKEN BY AURELIA.

OUR poet open'd with a loud warlike blast,
 But now weak woman is his safest cast,
 To bring him off with quarter at the last :
 Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,
 Or he can write fine things to help the play.
 The various scenes have drain'd his strength and art ;
 And I, you know, had a hard struggling part :
 But then he brought me off with life and limb ;
 Ah ! wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him——
 Stay, let me think—your favours to excite ;
 I still must act the part I play'd to-night.
 For whatsoe'er may be your sly pretence,
 You like those best that make the best defence :
 But this is needless—'Tis in vain to crave it,
 If you have damn'd the play, no power can save it.
 Not all the wits of Athens, and of Rome ;
 Not Shakespeare, Johnson, cou'd revoke its doom :
 Nay, what is more——if once your anger rouses,
 Not all the courted beauties of both houses.

He

He wou'd have ended here,—but I thought meet,
 To tell him there was left one safe retreat,
 Protection sacred at the ladies feet.
 To that he answer'd in submissive strain,
 He paid all homage to this female reign,
 And therefore turn'd his satire 'gainst the men.
 From your great Queen, the sovereign right ye draw
 To keep the wits, as she the world, in awe.
 To her bright sceptre, your bright eyes, they bow ;
 Such awful splendor sits on every brow,
 All scandal on the sex were treason now.
 The play can tell with what poetic care,
 He labour'd to redress the injur'd fair.
 And if you won't protect, the man will damn him there.
 Then save the muse that flies to you for aid ;
 Perhaps my poor request may some persuade,
 Because it is the first I ever made.

EPILOGUE TO

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

ALL ladies and gentlemen, that are willing to see
 the comedy, call'd the Recruiting Officer, let them
 repair to-morrow night, by six o'clock, to the sign of
 the Theatre-Royal, in Drury-Lane, and they shall be
 kindly entertained.

We scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come,
 Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.

The foldier, not the poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers :
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses music to invite ye.

Beat the grenadier march——row, row, row,——
Gentlemen, this piece of music, call'd an Overture to
a battle, was compos'd by a famous Italian master, and
was perform'd with wonderful success, at the great
Operas of Vigo, Schellenbergh and Blenheim ; it came
off with the applause of all Europe, excepting France ;
the French found it a little too rough for their *delica-*
tesse.

Some that have acted on those glorious stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding ages,
No music like the grenadier's engages.

Ladies, we must own that this music of ours is not al-
together so soft as Bononcini's : yet we dare affirm, that
it has laid more people asleep, than all the Camillas in
the world ; and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps
one awake, better than any Opera that ever was acted.

The grenadier march seems to be a composition ex-
cellently adapted to the genius of the English, for no
music was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much ala-
cridy : and, with all deference to the present subscription,
we must say, that the grenadier march has been sub-
scrib'd for by the whole grand alliance : and we presume to
inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence
abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest
men, in the whole army. In short, to gratify the present
taste, our author is now adapting some words to the
renadier march, which he intends to have performed

to-morrow, if the lady, who is to sing it should not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither ; for you'll all obey
Soft music's call, tho' you should damn his play. }

E P I L O G U E

DESIGNED TO BE SPOKEN TO THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

IF to our play your judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring author pity find :
Survey its mournful case with melting eyes,
Nor let the bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, you fair, on his last scene to frown,
But his true exit with a plaudit crown ;
Then shall the dying poet cease to fear
The dreadful knell, while your applause he hear.
At Leuctra so the conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his friend's praises, but their tears deny'd :
Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought
Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought.
The difference this, the Greek was one would fight,
As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite :
Ye sons of Will's, what's that to those who write !
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his bays,
You may the bard above the hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian praise. }

GAY.

GAY.

EPILOGUE TO

THE CAPTIVES.

SHALL authors tease the town with tragic passion,
 When we've more modern moral things in fashion?
 Let poets quite exhaust the muses' treasure;
 Sure masquerades must give more feeling pleasure,
 Where we meet finer sense and better measure;
 The marry'd dame, whose business must be done,
 Puts on the holy vestments of a nun;
 And brings her unprolific spouse a son.
 Coquettes, with whom no lover could succeed,
 Here pay off all arrears, and love in—deed:
 Ev'n conscious prudes are so sincere and free,
 They ask each man they meet—Do you know me?
 Do not our operas unbend the mind,
 Where every soul's to ecstasy refin'd?
 Entranc'd with sound fits each seraphic toast:
 All ladies love the play that moves the most.
 Ev'n in this house I've known some tender fair,
 Touch'd with meer sense alone, confess a tear,
 But the soft voice of an Italian Wether,
 Makes them all languish three whole hours together.
 And where's the wonder? Plays, like mass, are sung,
 (Religious Drama!) in an unknown tongue.

Will

Will poets ne'er consider what they cost us ?
 What tragedy can take, like Doctor Faustus ?
 Two stages in this moral show excel,
 To frighten vicious youth with scenes of hell ;
 Yet both these Faustuses can warn but few.
 For what's a conj'rer's fate to me, or—you ?
 Yet there are wives who think heav'n worth their care ;
 But first they kindly send their spouses there.
 When you my lover's last distress behold,
 Does not each husband's thrilling blood run cold ?
 Some heroes only die.—Ours finds a wife.
 What's harder than captivity for life ?
 Yet men ne'er warn'd, still court their own undoing :
 Who, for that circle, would but venture ruin ?

CENTLIVRE.

EPILOGUE TO THE

PERJUR'D HUSBAND.

TOO long the poets brought before the bar,
 Have with their bold accuser wag'd the war ;
 They now plead guilty : and confess the stage
 Has been immoral, and debauch'd the age.
 Nay, they will mend—But wish that in their station,
 All men were pleas'd to forward reformation.

First

First, let no politicians, with vain fears,
 About succeeding kings create new jars :
 Let lawyers now no more perplex the laws,
 Nor with malicious quibbles split a cause ;
 Let magistrates consider 'tis but fitting,
 That as they take down bills, they'd put down cheating ;
 Let our young heroes, who would be commanders,
 Brag less o'er coffee, and fight more in Flanders ;
 Let Cheapside doctors in a frantic fit,
 No more make impious war with sacred wit ;
 Let city wives (but that's too hard a task)
 Mimick no more town-ladies in a mask,
 Nor from their prentices the favour ask ;
 Let no old cast-off miss assume the saint,
 Let cowards cease to huff, and beaux to paint ;
 Let at yon corner house the wits and bards,
 Gain by religion, what they lose at cards ;
 Let snarling peevish critics cease to bite,
 Or in a false sublime dull plays to write ;
 Let galleries no more for judges sit,
 But leave to the bright boxes, and the pit,
 Their lawful empire o'er immortal wit.
 When all this heavy task is well perform'd,
 We dare engage the stage shall be reform'd.

EPILOGUE TO THE
B E A U ' S D U E L

YOU see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,
To shew what beaus in their perfection are ;
By nature cōwards, foolish, useles tools,
Made men by taylors, and by women, fools :
A fickle, false, a finging, dancing crew,
Nay now we hear they've smiling masters too ;
Just now a Frenchman in the dressing-room,
From teaching of a beau to smile, was come,
He shew'd five guineas ——— Was n't he rarely paid,
Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd ;
The statesman smiles on them he wou'd undo,
The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,
The lover's smiles too many do believe,
And women smile on them they wou'd deceive ;
When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with ease ;
And smiling lawyers never fail of fees. ———
The doctor's look the patient's pain beguiles,
The sick man lives, if the phyician smiles :
Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow ;
Poets, with us this proverb do defy,
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief endeavour,
And all we ask is but your smiles for ever.

[Going-
Hold

Hold——I forgot, the author bid me say,
 She humbly begs protection for her play :
 'Tis yours——She dedicates it to you all,
 And you're too generous, sure, to let it fall ;
 She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
 Since virtue here has been her only aim.
 The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right,
 Since here they're taught with safety how to fight.
 She's sure of favour from the men of war,
 A soldier is her darling character :
 To fear their murmurs then wou'd be absurd,
 They only mutiny when not preferr'd.
 But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
 And, like a prisoner, stands with fear half dead,
 While you are judges, do her sentence give,
 If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
 Let my petition then for once prevail ;
 And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

EPILOGUE TO
 THE GAMESTER.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become,
 For his offences past, a pendulum,
 Does, e'er he dies, bespeak the learned throng,
 Then, like the swan, expires in a song.
 So I, though doubtful long which knot to choose,
 (Whether the hangman's, or the marriage noose)
 Condemn'd

Condemn'd good people, as you see, for life,
To play that tedious, juggling game, a wife,
Have but one word of good advice to say,
Before the doleful cart draws quite away.

You roaring boys, who know the midnight cates
Of rattling tatts; ye sons of hopes and fears
Who labour hard to bring your ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
You're fortune's sporting footballs at the best:
Few are his joys, and small the gamester's rest:
Suppose then fortune only rules the dice,
And on the square you play; yet, who that's wife,
Would to the credit of a faithless main,
Trust his good dad's hard-gotten hoarded gain?
But then such vultures round a table wait,
And hov'ring watch the bubble's sickly state;
The young fond gambler covetous of more,
Like Æsop's dog, loses his certain store.
Then the sponge squeez'd by all, grows dry.—And now
Compleatly wretched turns a sharper too;
These fools, for want of bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the square;
So whores the wealth from numerous culls they glean,
Still spend on bullies, and grow poor again.

This itch for play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid drawn the ladies in.
A thousand guineas for basset prevails,
A bait, when cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the fair one can't the debt defray,
In sterling coin, does sterling beauty pay.

In vain we labour to divert your care,
 Nor song nor dance can bribe your presence here,
 You fly this place, like an infectious air,
 To yonder happy quarter of the town,
 You croud; and your own fav'rite stage disown;
 We're like old mistresses, you love the vice,
 And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
 Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
 Like Tantalus amidst plenty thus to starve.

EPILOGUE TO THE

BASSET-TABLE

THIS goodly fabric, to a gazing tar,
 Seems fore and aft, a three deckt man of war:
 Abaft, the hold's the pit, from thence look up;
 Aloft! that's swabber's nest, that's the main-top.
 Side boxes, mann'd with beau, and modish rake,
 Are like the fore-castle and quarter-deck.
 Those dark-disguis'd, advent'rous black-nos'd few,
 May pass for gunners, or a fire-ship's crew.
 Some come like privateers a prize to seize,
 And catch the *French* within the narrow seas.
 The orange ladies, virgins of renown,
 Are powder-monkeys running up and down.
 We've here our calms, our storms, and prosp'rous gales,
 And shift our scenes as seamen shift their sails.

The

The ship's well mann'd, and not ill woman'd neither,
 So ballasted and stow'd, my lads, she'll bear the weather.
 But greater dangers vent'ring players alarm ;
 This night's engagement's worse than any storm.
 The poet's captain, but half dead with fright,
 She leaves her officers to maintain the fight ;
 Yon middle tier with eighteen pounders maul us,
 That upper-deck with great and small shot gaul us.
 But from this lower-tier most harm befalls,
 There's no opposing their prevailing balls.
 At either foe or friend their chain-shot flies,
 We sink or swim, we conquer, fall or rise.
 To fit and rig our ships much pains we take ;
 Grant we may now a saving-voyage make.
 Here we're embark'd, and as you smile or frown,
 You are our stars, by you we sail or drown.

EPILOGUE TO

LOVE AT A VENTURE.

SPOKEN BY MISS JACOBELLA POWER.

IN spite of dull insipid rules, I'm come,
 To learn what fate attends my virgin bloom.
 Strange things I've heard, this night, that makes me fear,
 Lest I shou'd find such entertainment here.
 You men are grown so witty in deceit,
 That we, poor girls, are often ruin'd by't.

'Tis pity——but I hope to cross this play,
 And be reveng'd on you some other way.
 Well——but consider they are tender things,
 That innocence, and sprightly beauty brings.
 Soft accents, broken words, and yielding air,
 Are all the weapons that attend the fair.
 And can you long resist the sweet temptation,
 Give us at least a bill of reformation;
 That the succeeding age may say of you,
 You dare be civil, tho' you can't be true.
 But if at last no charms have power to win ye,
 You're past repentance——or the devil's in ye.

[Runs off.]

A SECOND EPILOGUE TO

T H E S A M E.

SPOKEN BY MR. PENKETHMAN.

THE plodding tribe are so resolv'd of late,
 To model and refine our little state;
 I fear to great ones we have this relation,
 They'll ruin us at last by reformation!
 What heavy race so far without the city,
 Cou'd think of plaguing us for being witty?
 But were we broke (disbanded, I wou'd speak,
 For nothing but a shopkeeper shou'd break!)
 Men of our qualities wou'd rise by falling,
 And grow more eminent in any calling.

Our

Our various virtues would fit all conditions :
 They that want piety might turn physicians.
 A door-keeper, whose cheats we can't prevent,
 Wou'd surely thrive in any state-employment.
 He that his hopes from impudence does draw,
 Might turn his happy genius to the law.
 The under fry a little thing will serve,
 For by the laws of England younger brothers starve.
 No change of government the women drop, [*Putting on a mask*]
 For---eighteen-pence in velvet sets them up.
 As for myself ; may marriage be my fate,
 Chain'd to a cross, I may repent, tho' late ;
 Grow fit to turn informer to the town,
 And thrive by the same means I was undone.

EPILOGUE TO THE

STOLEN HEIRESS.

YOU'VE seen what scholar is in cap and gown,
 Before his breeding's polish'd by this town :
 'Tis not enough, that he can Hebrew speak,
 Greek, Latin, Chaldeac, and Arabick ;
 He may perform his task in church and school,
 Ne'er drop a word that is not grammar-rule ;
 Run through the arts, can each degree commenct,
 Yet be a *fresh man* still to men of sense.
 Tho' the learn'd youth can all the sages quote,
 Has Homer, Hesiod, and the rest by wrote ;

Yet what's all this to picquet, dress, or play?
 Or to the circle on a visiting-day?
 A finish'd beau; for such fine things I've seen,
 That heretofore has of some college been:
 But that despising, nothing now retains,
 For learning is a thing which asks some brains;
 And that's a requisite the gentleman disdains,
 The great dull ass, from breaking head of Priscian,
 Hither he comes, and writes approv'd physician,
 The noise of chariot brings the patients in;
 Grant them patience, that physick for their sin,
 Well then——
 Since learning's useless, I'll the task defy;
 Practise to ogle, flatter, swear and lie;
 For that's the way the ladies' hearts to gain,
 Burn all my books; my studies are but vain:
 To gain their looks, each shape and dress I'll try;
 Smile when they smile; and when they frown, I die.

EPILOGUE TO
 LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE.

WHAT, if to end this fortune-telling play,
 I tell you all your fortunes here, to-day;
 And, faith, to judge by here and there a face,
 Fortune has fav'rites scatter'd in this place:
 The beaus, whose garb of late such lustre darts,
 To draw fair ladies' eyes, and break poor tradesmen's hearts,
 Their

Their fortune is what still attends the great,
 Still borrowing, still dunn'd, and still in debt.
 Pit-masks this season are grown mighty bare,
 They scarce got pattens to ply round May-fair,
 But when the term and winter comes again,
 Bawds, brims, and lawyers, flourish bravely then.
 Vintners and taylors thro' such knavish lives,
 With honest cits, and virtuous city wives;
 I fear (tho' wishing it might be uncivil)
 Like pawn-brokers, they'll all go to the devil:
 The city 'prentices, those upstart beaus,
 In short spruce puffs, and Vigo-colour cloaths,
 Who with a brace of trulls stole here to-day,
 And muster'd up a crown to see this play;
 Lewdness and gaming will run them aground,
 And master's cash fall short a hundred pound.
 Our upper friends, whose height respect denotes,
 Since liv'ries too are not unlike lac'd coats,
 By coming will such critics grow, at last,
 Nothing but standard-wit will please their taste,
 Till learning here how well the town's harangu'd,
 They'll make ingenious speeches when they're hang'd.
 Our fiddlers will be scraping as before,
 Spend every groat they get upon a whore,
 Lead merry lives, damn'd shabby, and damn'd poor:
 But where at last they'll go, is hard to tell,
 For really they're too impudent for hell.
 The ladies by their melting looks, I see,
 Will die for love, perhaps for love of me;

My pity flows apace to save their life,
 I cou'd be kind, but must not wrong my wife.
 But, lastly, for the fortune of this play,
 Humour's a hazard, yet this much I'll say,
 The author purely for your mirth design'd it,
 And whether good or bad, 'tis——As you find it.

EPILOGUE TO THE
 B U S Y B O D Y.

IN me you see one busy body more ;
 Though you may have enough of one before.
 With epilogues, the busy body's way,
 We strive to help, but sometimes mar a play.
 At this mad sessions, half condemn'd ere try'd,
 Some, in three days have been turn'd off, and died.
 In spite of parties, their attempts are vain,
 For, like false prophets, they ne'er rise again.
 Too late, when cast, your favour one beseeches,
 And epilogues prove execution speeches.
 Yet sure I spy no busy bodies here,
 And one may pass, since they do every where.
 Sour critics time and breath and censures waste,
 And baulk your pleasure to refine your taste ;
 One busy Don ill-timed high tenets preaches,
 Another yearly shows himself in speeches.
 Some sniv'ling cits would have a peace for spite,
 To starve those warriors who so bravely fight ;

Still

Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,
 Whose well-bang'd troops want money, heart and bread.
 Old beaus, who none, not ev'n themselves can please,
 Are busy still, for nothing——but to teaze.
 The young, so busy to engage a heart,
 The mischief done, are busy most to part.
 Ungrateful wretches, who still cross one's will,
 When they more kindly might be busy still.
 One to a husband, who ne'er dreamt of horns,
 Shews how dear spouse with friends his brows adorns.
 The officious tell-tale fool (he shou'd repent it)
 Parts three kind souls that liv'd at peace contented.
 Some with law-quirks set houses by the ears,
 With physic one what he would heal impairs :
 Like that dark mob'd up fry, that neighb'ring curse,
 Who to remove love's pains bestow a worse.
 Since then this meddling tribe infest the age,
 Bear one awhile expos'd upon the stage :
 Let none but busy bodies vent their spite,
 And with good-humour, pleasure crown the night.

EPILOGUE TO THE
 PLATONIC LADY.

TO you, the tyrant critics of the age,
 To you, who make such havock on the stage ;
 Assault with fury every coming scene,
 Like heroes arm'd at Ramillies, or Turin;

Whilst

Whilst vanquish'd wit, shrunk from her native glory,
 Like the cow'd Gaul, too weakly stands before ye.
 Since then the poets play this losing-game,
 I, a poor suppliant in the muses' name,
 Beg to avert our trembling author's fate;
 And, like the sad Bavarian advocate,
 Resistance vain, we to your mercy fly,
 And court you now to lay your thunder by.
 Of slaughter'd wits let the effusion cease,
 We, like the humble *Louis*, sue for peace.

A SECOND EPILOGUE TO

THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHAT mighty pains our scribbling sot has shewn,
 To ridicule our sex, and praise his own,
 As if we women muster'd all our charms,
 To tempt an odious fellow to our arms.
 One lady proves so fond, or rather mad,
 She'd fain confess a child she never had.
 Alas ! how many nymphs about this town,
 Have pretty moppets, that they dare not own ?
 Then a west-country damsel trots to town,
 And talks of paint, false hair, and rumpt-up gown,
 Things which to men shou'd never be reveal'd,
 But equally with cuckoldom conceal'd.

Yet

Yet, tell me, Sirs, don't you as nice appear,
With your false calves, bardash, and fav'rite's here?

[Pointing to her forehead.

Nay, in side-boxes too, I've often known,
'Mongst flaxen-wigs, complexions not their own;
Who his good plays, and to Camilla fly,
Draw out their pocket-glasses, squint, and cry,

[Sings.] *These eyes are made so killing, &c.*

Young templars too, with upstart forward graces,
When pumice-stone has travell'd o'er their faces,
March hither, where mobb'd hoods too often ply,
And want a lodging, tho' fix stories high;
Where the fond youth the modest dame implores,
And at day-break ejects her out of doors.

Some Cheapside-bobs too trudge it to our play,
Faith, Jack, this Hay-Market's a curfed way,
What signifies the quality of wits,

The money, Daniel, rises from our cits.

Who, like cock-sparrows, hop about the benches,
And court, with sixpences, fat orange-wenches.

In short, you men have more fantastic ways,
More follies, than can e'er be stuf't in plays:
But since our satire's for your mirth design'd,
Excuse all errors, which to-night you find,
And to this play be generous, just, and kind,

A THIRD EPILOGUE TO

THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MR. NORRIS AS DRAWER.

YOUR servant, masters, I'm sent on a message,
 From some desponding ladies in the passage,
 They wait your kind approaches to the Rose,
 And want——Hark'e——a supper, I suppose; [*Softly.*
 And who this day cou'd no affair transact,
 Begg'd me to pass my word for the last act;
 Assuring me that when the play was done,
 It shou'd be worth to me full half a crown:
 We drawers are men of parts in our vocation,
 And countenance the crying sins o'th' nation,
 That is, since vice first grew a recreation:
 We imitate the hungry lawyer too,
 Take fees on both sides, and both justice do,
 I mean if we think proper to do so;
 Nay, we're in fee with them, and on occasion,
 Are sent to witness some damn'd obligation.
 Thus all the world by diff'rent ways would thrive,
 And foolish poets think by plays to live,
 They're the worst customers that we receive;
 They score, and score, and brag of a third day,
 And then they'll certainly——hum——never pay.
 Much more I have to say, but never stir—— [*Bell rings.*
 O lack, I'm wanted at the bar—— Coming up, Sir.

[*Runs off.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE TO THE
PERPLEX'D LOVERS.

SPOKEN BY MR. NORRIS IN MOURNING.

OH, woe is me ! Oh, oh, oh, what shall I say ?
They charge me here with sinking of the play.
To you I appeal, and pray do me right,
Cou'd I, Sirs, help your hissing t'other night ?
I; but said the poet, I thought your face
Might from the upper gallery find more grace ;
Since all below cou'd not think it my fault,
For all know here an epilogue was wrote :
Nay and sent to be licenc'd too, what then ?
It would not pass, so 'twas return'd again.
Could you no credit to poor Scrub afford,
Or could you doubt your brother Dickie's word ?
I said you shou'd have an epilogue, to-day,
And don't you mind what men of honour say ?
Nay, laugh not, brethren, for our author's friends
On all the murtherers revengc intends ;
Since she, poor soul, is dead, you caus'd her fall,
Like Julius Cæsar in the Capitol.
By *three-and-twenty* hisses from that side,
Stung to the heart, the pretty creature dy'd.
Good-natur'd soul, yet 'midst these dreadful scars,
She made her will, and left you all her heirs.
First to the ladies she bequeaths her spouse ;
To th' beaux, some copies of soft billet-doux :
She knew that few of them, alas ! love thinking,
Their chiefest talent lies in dress and winking.

To

To th' pliant girls, and gamesters of the pit,
 If they cou'd find it out——she leaves her wit.
 To all the soldiers, when the wars shall cease,
 She leaves her pen, to purchase bread in peace.
 Her plots, contrivances, and stratagems,
 She leaves t' intriguing wives of citizens.
 Dramatic rules and scraps of poetry,
 She leaves those—ay, ay, those she leaves to me.
 Look to't, young men, for I intend to write,
 'Egad I'll swinge you off, out of pure spite;
 Therefore, be civil, you had best, to-night.
 And now, Sirs, to conclude our author's will,
 She humbly prays, here in the codicil,
 You wou'd the undertaker's charge defray,
 By filling up the house upon her day.

EPILOGUE TO.

THE SAME.

DESIGN'D TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN THE FIRST NIGHT

BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

IN those good times when war is like to cease,
 And Europe soon expects a gen'ral peace:
 Ye beaux, half-wits, and critics, all may know
 I from Apollo come a Plenipo;
 Who well inclin'd to treat, by me thinks fit
 To send proposals from the state of wit;
 Against such strong confederates engag'd,
 An unsuccessful war he long has wag'd;

And

And now declares, if you will all submit
 To pay the charges of his box and pit,
 He will no more hostilities commit.
 In all their works his poets shall take care
 Never to represent you, as you are.
 But on the critic, judgment shall bestow,
 Sense on the witling, beauty on the beau.
 This for the men : next he assures the fair,
 He grieves that ever he with them made war ;
 Or ever in his plays attack'd their fame,
 Or any thing disclos'd unfit to name ;
 Or characters of faithless women drew,
 And shew'd feign'd beauties, so unlike the true.
 But in all future scenes the sex shall see
 Themselves as charming as they wish to be ;
 For them he will ordain new comic rules,
 And never more will make them doat on fools :
 And when he rises to the tragic strain,
 None but true heroes shall their favours gain ;
 Such as that stranger who has grac'd our land,
 Of equal fame for council and command.
 A prince, whose wisdom, valour, and success,
 The gazing world with acclamations bless ;
 By no great captain in past times outdone,
 And in the present equall'd but by one.
 These fair conditions will, I hope, compose
 All wars between the poets and their foes.
 Come, sign the peace, and let this happy age
 Produce a league in favour of the stage :
 But shou'd this fail, at least our author prays
 A truce may be concluded, for nine-days,

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO

THE WONDER.

SPOKEN BY MISS SANTLOW.

CUSTOM, with all our modern laws combin'd,
 Has given such power despotic to mankind,
 That we have only so much virtue now,
 As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
 Thus, like mechanic work, we're us'd with scorn,
 And wound up only, for a present turn;
 Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,
 Affirming we've no souls,* and can't be sav'd:
 But were the women all of my opinion,
 We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd dominion;
 We'd make the tyrants own, that we cou'd prove
 As fit for other business, as for love.
 Lord! what prerogative might we obtain,
 Could we from yielding a few months refrain!
 How fondly would our dang'ling lovers doat!
 What homage wou'd be paid to petticoat!
 'Twou'd be a jest to see the change of fate,
 How we might all of politics debate;
 Promise and swear, what we ne'er meant to do,
 And what's still harder, keep our secrets too.
 Ay, marry! keep a secret, says a beau,
 And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
 But faith if we shou'd tell but half we know,

* Alluding to an ironical pamphlet tending to prove that women had no souls.

There's

There's many a spruce young fellow in this place,
 Would never more presume to shew his face;
 Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate:
 How many tip-top beaus have had the fate,
 T' enjoy from mamma's secrets their estate.
 Who, if her early folly had made known,
 Had rid behind the coach, that's now their own.
 But here, the wond'rous secret you discover;
 A lady ventures for a friend, ——— a lover.
 Prodigious! for my part I frankly own,
 I'd spoil'd the *Wonder*, and the woman shewn.

EPILOGUE TO THE
 MAN'S BEWITCH'D.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

[*A Porter delivers a Letter, just as she is going to speak.*]

WHAT'S this! a *billet doux*? from hands unknown?
 'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town;
 But since the poor man's passion's so agog,
 I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.
 Reads, *Madam,*

*Permit a wretch to let you know,
 That he's no more in Statu Quo;
 My ruin from this night commences,
 Unless your smiles refund my senses;
 For with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
 You've whipp'd your slave quite thro' the heart:*

*Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.*

Poor soul ! he seems indeed in dismal plight ;
Let's see ! it can't be, sure ! from th' upper flight ;
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can write :
Nor can I think it from the middle fell ;
For I'm afraid——as few of them can spell :
Beside, their haggling passions never gain,
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-Lane :
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o'th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls, whose passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all you sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd, by these bloody marks,
But since the town has heard your kind commands, Sir,
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head ;
That thinks no woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd *bills on agent* ;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor cou'd I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals :
That modish sends next morn to her apartment,
A civil how d'ye—far alas ! from th' heart meant :

Then

Then powder'd for the ensuing day's delights,
 Bows thro' his croud of duns, and drives to White's.
 Nor cou'd I like the wretch that all night plays,
 And only takes his rest, on winning days;
 Then sets up from a lucky hit, his rattler,
 Then's trac'd from his orig'nal—in the Tatler.
 To tell you all that are my fixt aversion,
 Wou'd tire the tongue of malice, or aspersion.
 But if I find 'mongst all one generous heart,
 That deaf to stories takes the stage's part;
 That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
 Whose fortune's bound for the support of opera's;
 That thinks our constitution here is justly fixt,
 And now no more with lawyers brawls perplex:
 He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
 And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

EPILOGUE TO

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

WHAT new strange ways our modern beaux devise!
 What trials of love-skill, to gain the prize!
 The heathen gods who never matter'd rapes,
 Scarce wore such strange variety of shapes:
 The devil take their odious barren skulls,
 To court in form of snakes, and filthy bulls:
 Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
 In a whole lapful of true standard gold:

How must his godship then fair Danaë warm
 In trucking ware for ware there is no harm.
 Well, after all, that money has a charm!
 But now indeed that stale invention's past;
 Besides you know that guineas fall so fast,
 Poor nymph must come to pocket-piece, at last.
 Old Harry's face, or good Queen Bess's ruff,
 Not that I'd take 'em — may do well enough
 No — my ambitious spirit's far above
 These little tricks of mercenary love.
 That man be mine, who, like the col'nel here,
 Can top his character in ev'ry sphere;
 Who can a thousand ways employ his wit,
 Out-promise statesmen, and out-cheat a cit:
 Beyond the colours of a trav'ler paint,
 And cant, and ogle too — beyond a faint.
 The last disguise most pleas'd me, I confess,
 There's something tempting in the preaching dress;
 And pleas'd me more than once a dame of note,
 Who lov'd her husband in his footman's coat.
 To see one eye in wanton motions play'd,
 The other to the heav'nly regions stray'd,
 As if it for its fellow's frailties pray'd:
 But yet I hope, for all that I have said,
 To find my spouse, a man of war, in bed.

EPILOGUE TO

THE ARTIFICE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

SINCE plotting is the business of the age,
 Our bard has paid it off, upon the stage;
 And strongly labour'd in these scenes, to shew ye,
 How *woman* can in *artifice* out-do ye.
 You bungle sadly and are always caught,
 'Ere half your work is to perfection brought.
 Did our town-wives their schemes no better lay,
 What *monstrous plots* would break out, ev'ry day?
 Ladies, I hope, I've acted to your mind,
 And serv'd my *jealous monster* in his kind.
 To play the *priest*, and steal a wife's confession;
 What man can make amends for such transgression?
 Shou'd all our English husbands thrive their wives,
 Women would lead most comfortable lives!
 For of all slavery, 'tis the worst condition,
 To live beneath a *marriage inquisition*.
 What think you of our *Hogan-Mogan belle*?
 Did n't she trick the trickster nicely well?
 The whipster thought, forsooth, 'twas smart and clever,
 To swell the young *Vrow* up, and then to leave her.
 But on the younker a Dutch trick she palms;
Poison for *poison* gives, and *qualms* for *qualms*.

What rake among you, but, in his condition,
 Wou'd even think a *wife* a good *physician* ?
 Did this Dutch law our roving gentry bind,
 How charming wou'd it be for woman-kind !
 Then ev'ry nymph who has vouchsaf'd the favour,
 Might tie her lover up to good behaviour :
 And after she has put him to the test,
 Might take; or leave him,——as she *lik'd it best*,

You, who are noos'd, let me advise ; beware,
 Give o'er your *jealous* freaks, and trust the fair :
 For, look ye, you may rant, and play the devil ;
 There's nought but *patience* cures the *marriage-evil*,
 The thing is plain, and instances are common ;
 No man is half a match for any woman.

P O P E.

EPILOGUE TO

J A N E S H O R E.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS, this ! the frail-one of our play,
 From her own sex should mercy find, to-day !
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The play may pass—but that strange creature, *Shore*,
 I can't——indeed, now——I so hate a w——
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;

So from a sifter sinner you shall hear,
 "How strangely you expose yourself, my dear?"
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail:
 Such rage without, betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul, they fin,
 Still hoarding up most scandalously nice;
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with finners.

Well, if the author in the wife offends,
 He has a husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
 Yet, if a friend, a night or so should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
 But pray which of you all, would take her back?
 Tho' with the stoick chief our stage may ring,
 The stoick husband was the glorious thing.

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country——but what's that to you?
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
 That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face:
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town,
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down.

S H E N S T O N E.

EPILOGUE TO

C L E O N E.

WELL, ladies—so much for the tragic stile—
 And now the custom is to make you smile.
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
 Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
 My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
 Out of my house!—this night, forfooth, depart!
 A modern wife had said—“With all my heart—

But

But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone !
Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."

Such is the language of each modish fair ;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth :
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of amazons for graces :
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness, abroad ;
They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mixt the cares.
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days :
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;
By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.

'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days again,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul, as well, as sense, delight ;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

EPILOGUE TO

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. L. M. W. M.

WHAT cou'd luxurious woman wish for more,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r ?
 Their every wish was in this Mary seen,
 Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.
 Vain useless blessings with ill conduct join'd !
 Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
 Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
 Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou !
 Queen Befs had wisdom, council, power, and laws ;
 How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause !
 Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize,
 Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.
 The brightest object shines but while 'tis new,
 That influence lessens by familiar view.
 Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,
 All strive to serve, and glory to obey ;
 Alike unpitied, when deposed, they grow——
 Men mock the idol of their former vow.
 Two great examples have been shewn, to-day,
 To what sure ruin passion does betray ;
 What long repentance to short joys is due ;
 When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza, then ;
 Love for amusement, like those traytors men,

Think

Think that this pastime of a leisure hour,
She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,
If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,
The world will still the noble act applaud,
Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.
Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case;
And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face.
By passion fir'd, and not with-held by shame,
They cruel hunters are; we, trembling game.
Trust me, dear ladies (for I know 'em well)
They burn to triumph, and they fight to tell:
Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that fell.
Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,
Superior art should meet superior force:
Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still:
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

EPILOGUE TO SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

SPOKEN BY MR. J. Y. IN THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

ACTED BY YOUNG GENTLEMEN AT MR.

NEWCOME'S SCHOOL, AT HACKNEY.

[Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.]

A Plague upon all cowards, still, I say —
 Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
 And be the master-fool, beyond the play —
 Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
 By miracle of wit I sav'd my life,
 And now stand foolishly expos'd again,
 To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.

Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser —
 Thou art not fram'd for an *epiloguizer*.
 There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
 Strait in the back, and lissome in the loins,
 Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
 And shining as the glass she dresses in ;
 Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and lie —
 Which honest Jack cou'd never do — not I.
 Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
 And make (ha ! ha ! ha !) a faucy epilogue enough ;
 But I am old, and stiff — nay, bashful grown,
 For Shakespeare's humour is not now my own.

I feel

EPILOGUES.

54

I feel myself a counterfeiting ass ;
 And if for *sterling* wit I give you *brass*,
 It is his *royal image* makes it pass.
 Fancy now works ; and here I stand and stew,
 In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
 Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
 Wights, who with no out-facings will be sham'm'd,
 Nor into risibility be *dam'n'd* ;
 Will, tho' she shake their sides, think *nature* treason,
 And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason.

Then how shall one *not of the virtuous* speed,
 Who merely has a wicked *wit* to plead——
 Wit without measure, humour without rule,
 Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule ?
 'Faith ! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
 The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
 So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
 I'll in, and swear to Hal—I've done the feat.

N. B. We do not think, that in all this collection, there is a piece of more true characteristic humour, than the above.

EPILOGUE TO
TAMERLANE.

ON THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, IN THE CHARACTER OF THE
COMIC MUSE, NOVEMBER 4, 1746.

BRITONS, once more in annual joy we meet,
This genial night in freedom's fav'rite seat :
And o'er the *two great empires still I reign,
Of Covent-Garden, and of Drury-Lane.
But ah ! what clouds o'er all our realms impended !
Our ruin artless prodigies portended.
Chains, real chains, our heroes had in view,
And scenes of mimic dungeons chang'd to true.
An equal fate the stage and Britain dreaded,
Had Rome's young missionary sparks succeeded.
But laws and liberties are trifling treasures :
He threaten'd that grave property, your pleasures.

For me, an idle muse, I ne'er dissembled
My fears ; but ev'n my tragic sister trembled :
O'er all her sons she cast her mournful eyes,
And heav'd her breast more than dramatic sighs ;
To eyes well tutor'd in the trade of grief,
She rais'd a small and well lac'd handkerchief ;

* The two great empires of the world I know,
That of Peru, and that of Mexico. INDIAN EMPEROR

And

And then with decent pause—and accent broke,
Her buskin'd progeny the dame bespoke :

“ Ah ! sons* our dawn is over-cast, and all

“ Theatric glories nodding to their fall ;

“ From foreign realms a bloody chief is come,

“ Big with the work of slav'ry and of Rome.

“ A general ruin on his sword he wears,

“ Fatal alike to audience and to play'rs.

“ For, ah ! my sons, what freedom for the stage,

“ When bigotry with sense shall battle wage ?

“ When monkish laureats only wear the bays,

“ † Inquisitors Lord Chamberlains of plays !

“ Plays shall be damn'd that 'scap'd the critic's rage,

“ For priests are still worse tyrants to the stage.

“ Cato, receiv'd by audiences so gracious,

“ Shall find ten Cæsars in one St. Ignatius.

“ And godlike Brutus here shall meet again,

“ His evil genius, in a capuchin.

“ For heresy the fav'rites of the pit

“ Must burn, and excommunicated wit ;

“ And at one stake we shall behold expire,

“ My Anna Bullen, and the Spanish Fryar.

“ Ev'n † Tamerlane, whose fainted name appears

“ Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,

* The dawn is over-cast, the mourning hours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

† Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays.

CATO.

POPE.

‡ Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November,
the anniversaries of King William's birth and landing.

“ Oft

- " Oft as these festal rites attend the morn,
 " Of liberty restor'd and William born —
 " But at that name, what transports flood my eyes?
 " What golden vision's this I see arise?
 " What youth is he with comeliest conquest crown'd,
 " His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?
 " What wreaths are these that vict'ry dares to join,
 " And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyne?
 " Oh! if the muse can happy ought presage
 " Of new deliv'rance to the state and stage;
 " If not untaught the characters to spell,
 " Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;
 " § Thou shalt be William — like the last design'd
 " The tyrant's scourge, and blessing of mankind;
 " Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,
 " That teaches happy subjects to rebel.
 " Nassau himself but half our vows shall share,
 " Divide our incense and divide our pray'r;
 " And oft as Tamerlane shall lend his fame,
 " To shadow his, thy rival star shall claim
 " || The ambiguous laurel and the double name.

§ *Tu Martellus eris.*

VIRG.

|| *Cenditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
 Alifoni, dubiam facientia carmina palmam.*

JUV.

EPILOGUE DESIGNED FOR
S O P H O N I S B A.

WRITTEN BY LORD HERVEY.

BEFORE you sign poor Sophonisba's doom,
In her behalf, petitioner I come;
Not but our author knows, whate'er I say,
That I could find objections to his play.
This double marriage for her country's good,
I told him never would be understood,
And that ye all would say, 'twas flesh and blood.
Had Carthage only been in madam's head,
Her champion never had been in her—bed:
For could the ideot think a husband's name
Would make him quit his interest, friends and fame;
That he would risque a kingdom for a wife,
And act dependent in a place for life?
Yet what stern Cato shall condemn the fair,
Whilst public good she thunder'd in your ear,
If private interest had a little share.
You know, she acted not against the laws,
Of those old-fashion'd times; that in her cause
Old Syphax could no longer make a stand,
And Massinissa woo'd her, sword in hand;
But did not take that way to whet the sword.
Heroes fight coldly when wives give the word.
She should have kept him keen employed her charms
Not as a bribe, but to reward his arms;

Have told him when Rome yielded she would yield;
 And sent him fresh, not yawning, to the field.
 She talk'd it well to rouse him to the fight,
 But like Penelope, when out of fight,
 All she had done by day, undid by night.
 Is this your wily Carthaginian kind?
 No English woman had been half so kind.
 What from a husband's hand could she expect,
 But ratbane, or that common fate, neglect?
 Perhaps some languishing soft fair may say,
 Poison's so shocking—but consider pray,
 She fear'd the Roman, he the marriage chain;
 All other means to free them both were vain.
 Let none then Massinissa's conduct blame,
 He first his love consulted, then his fame.
 And if the fair one with too little art,
 Whilst seemingly she play'd a patriot-part,
 Was secretly the dupe of her own heart;
 Forgive a fault she strove so well to hide,
 Nor be compassion to her fate deny'd,
 Who liv'd unhappily, and greatly dy'd.

EPILOGUES.

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EPILOGUE TO

C O M U S,

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE, IN THE DRESS OF EUPHROSINE;
WITH THE WAND AND CUP.

SOME critic, or I'm much deceiv'd, will ask,
"What means this wild, this allegoric mask?
"Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
"Can wands, or cups, transform men into brutes?
"'Tis idle stuff!"—And yet I'll prove it true.
Attend, for sure I mean it not of you.

The mealy fop, that tastes my cup, may try
How quick the change, from beau to butterfly;
But o'er the *insect* should the *brute* prevail,
He grins a monkey with a length of tail.
One stroke of this, * as sure as *Cupid's* arrow,
Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow.
Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
Feels a new warmth, and cooes a billing dove:
The fly coquet, whose artful tears beguile
Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile.
Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
Misers grow vultures of rapacious mind,
Or, more than vultures, they devour their kind;

* The wand.

Flatt'ers cameleons, creeping on the ground,
 With every varying colour changing round ;
 The party-fool, beneath his heavy load,
 Drudges a driven ass, thro' dirty road ;
 While guzzling sots, their spouses say, are hogs,
 And snarling critics, authors swear, are dogs.

But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd, at least,
 All vice is folly, and makes man a beast.

EPILOGUE TO

MONEY THE MISTRESS,

BEING THE LAST PIECE WRITTEN BY MR. SOUTHERNE.

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
 Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears ;
 And tho' beneath the weight of days he bends,
 Yet, like the sun, he shines as he descends.
 Then with applause, in honour of his age,
 Dismiss your veteran foldier off the stage ;
 Crown his last *exit* with distinguished praise,
 And kindly hide his *baldness* with the *bays*.

EPILOGUE TO THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM,AS IT WAS ACTED BY SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN IN
THE COUNTRY.

YOUNG and unpractis'd in dramatic rules,
And ignorant of arts deriv'd from schools,
Yet to oblige our audience have we fought,
By acting here, this night, what *Farquhar* wrote.
Farquhar ! whose scenes with copious wit engage,
And ev'n relax th' austerity of age.
But tho' the inspiring muses taught his pen
To draw the various characters of men,
His merits met not with their just reward,
For constant poverty pursued the bard.

Rise then, ye fair, and vindicate his name,
And what in wealth he wanted, pay in fame ;
Nor be with us unreasonably offended,
Since 'twas to please you, ladies, we intended.

EPILOGUE TO THE
ARTFUL WIFE,

WRITTEN BY MR. TAVERNER.

STILL as the heroine of the tragic scene,
In recompence of all her rage, or spleen,
Is, at the last, to close her glories up,
Dispatch'd by dagger, or the poison'd cup :
So when the comic poet flings away
His fav'rite damsel, spiritous and gay,
To mortify her in the flaining part,
He, with a husband, stabs her to the heart.
What strange revengeful things these writers are !
Spiteful as critics, and as seldom spare !
Who ever, when their wit, or plot miscarry,
Because they cannot kill, will make us marry.—
Thank heav'n, for this one comfort of our lives,
We've some revenge, in turn, by — being wives ;
And tho' to wedding we are oft constrain'd,
That due decorum may be well maintain'd,
To drop some airs and freedoms in our carriage,
The privileges maids must lose in marriage ;
Yet when the husband comes to count his gains,
He feels—th' industrious wife has tak'n some pains
To make the change fit easy, and rebate
The rigour of the matrimonial state.

Well,

Well, but suppose this happens, now and then,
 Must you, censorious, and ill-judging men,
 Because you've heard some women have done so,
 Interpret for the sex from one or two?
 When your own treach'rous arts and oaths prevail,
 First to seduce, and then to make us frail;
 We should, but that I would not be severe,
 Wish you all wives, like this stiff madam here.
 That when your flatt'ring falsehood has betray'd,
 The innocence of a too cred'ulous maid,
 You, like Sir Francis, to repair her fame,
 May be obliged to wet, and pocket up your shame.

EPILOGUE TO

THE COQUET.

WRITTEN BY MR. MOLLOY.

YOU rev'rend members of the upper row,
 Whose lofty judgments govern all below;
 To you, my dearest brothers, I appeal,
 To damn our author, or his faults conceal.
 Supreme you sit, your judgment is a test;
 Where these see nothing——you can find a jest.
 'Tis said, the heaviest bodies downward move,
 Those that are light and airy, soar above.
 If so, the seat of wit must be with you,
 And all must own your judgments are *true blue*.

Since therefore in this place such sway you bear,
He that is kind to-night shall have my pray'r.

Serve he, some great intriguing lord or dame,
And first by genteel pimping rise to fame;
Then changing that vile *blue* for rich brocade,
Play high at th' assembly—squeak at th' masquerade;
Keep company with Lords, a commoner refuse,
Tho' now you scrape acquaintance with their shoes.
Forget your old companions when you're great,
And may you rise t' an office in the state :
Then ———

Remember to take bribes; do nought without reward :
Strike at a title, and be made a lord.

EPILOGUE TO THE
C O U N T R Y W I F E,

WRITTEN BY MR. COOK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YOUNGER IN THE CHARACTER OF THE
COUNTRY WIFE.

HERE, as your faces in a glass, ye see,
On this small stage, the world's epitome.
Whatever women or the men pretend,
Of virtue, honour—pleasure is their end :
For this the statesmen jar, whate'er they feign :
What one enjoys another strives to gain :

To

To them the lure's, authority and treasure,
They nourish strife, and are the source of pleasure.
The pamper'd priest, who loud for temp'rance cries,
With Boniface's phiz, and Falstaff's size,
While he blames factions, sets the world on fire,
And preaches even charity, for hire:
Nothing unpay'd the oracle reveals,
But pleas'd with tribute, soon his lips unseals:
The poet too, pleas'd when he pleases all,
Makes virtue rise, like stocks, and sometimes fall:
Some chambermaid he chuses—hang the joker,
To deal with beauty, like an alley-broker.
If such wise heads as these at pleasure aim,
Why should poor woman bear such loads of shame?
Whom ye pretend a priv'lege to controul,
A sex which some divest of sense and soul;
Yet can this senseless thing, which ye despise,
Rob ye of all your senses thro' your eyes,
Can, from the lowest peasant, to the crown,
Pull, in a moment, all your courage down.

EPILOGUE TO
P E N E L O P E,
BY THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MINERVA.

WELL, I suppose, good folks, ye're all a-gogue,
To hear a goddess speak an epilogue ;
My bus'ness now is to defend the poet,
But I can scarce persuade myself to do it :
Defend him ? Why ? Because he brought me here,
To rant, to swagger, and to call for beer ?
It is a trick the puppy learn'd at school,
To make us shew our shapes, and play the fool ;
But, as I scorn, I can forgive, the chit ;
Poor thing, he did it but to shew his wit ;
On such like errands oft' we've been before,
From Homer, Virgil, and a dozen more ;
For when the muse, forsooth, begins to jade,
Whip, snap, a goddess is her waiting-maid ;
And, when we've done the bus'ness of the day,
We take a cloud for Heav'n, and post away.

EPILOGUE TO

VALENTINIAN,

SPOKEN IN BOY'S CLOATHS BY MISS SANTLOW, AFTERWARDS
MRS. BOOTH, WHO ACTED THE PART OF THE
EUNUCH IN THE PLAY.

THO' just now kill'd, I thus resume my breath,
Dress'd as I am, to blush myself to death!
Yet hold—Why should I blush? Pray where's the sham?
I act but half a man——and that I am.
Look in my face, you sparks, who croud the pit,
For while you watch my legs, you lose my wit.
Ask yon bright beaus, who the side-boxes fill,
Have women's feet, or eyes, most power to kill?
Still look ye that way——Is it then so strange,
To see us women, nay young women, change?
I thought 'twas common, but I'm glad to find,
You, who know best, are of another mind;
I see some roguish sparks, who smile, and dream,
I am not altogether what I seem;
Well! and what then?——I fear, Sirs, some of you,
Were ye once try'd, would prove deficient too!
I thought——fool as I was——pretences won ye,
And, that appearances still pass'd upon ye;
I thought a politician's marks——no more,
Than——half his wig behind, and half before;

I still

I still thought him most wise, who look'd most grave,
 And him who talk'd most big, I judg'd most brave;
 I thought a huge gilt coach sure sign of riches,
 And ne'er knew man from maid, but by his breeches;
 But petticoats, I find, can't keep out you,
 You are sharp sparks, and look folks thro' and thro'!
 I dare not therefore any longer stay,
 Than while I thank the honours done the play;
 He, whom your favours, have obliged, to-night,
 In person would have thank'd you, if he might.
 With his own sex the thing does well enough!
 But, among women!—hang him!—he's so rough!
 From his grim forehead all our sex would fly,
 But men, by nature, love so soft thing as I.

EPILOGUE TO

DON QUIXOTE,

FOR MR. BICKERSTAFF'S BENEFIT, SPOKEN BY
 MISS SANTLOW IN BOY'S CLOATHS.

AS some brave soldier, when soft peace gives rest,
 Quits his rough armour, and unfires his breast,
 Till his lull'd courage rous'd by new-raïd jars,
 He reassumes his sword, and flies to long-left wars;
 So I, who (not as some fine ladies do)
 Wore breeches but in jest——*like some of you,

* To the side-boxes.

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Once more resume this habit, to defend
The just pretensions of my modest friend.
A man who fought to please you all, to-night,
And won your praises, if you do him right :
Therefore, without the smallest pause, d'ye see,
Pray own his merit — 'cause he pleases me ;
A woman's reason, is her yes, or no ;
All things are this, or that, because we'll have them so.
Look ye, you sparks, who lose your wigs so boldly,
However warm you look, you fight but coldly.
I know ye well enough, and shrewdly guess,
Ev'n women bullies seldom miss success.
Thus, then, I draw, and frowning, thus decree,
To-night our Quixot shall applauded be :
I say't, and what I say, who dares deny ?
If any dares — let him come out and die :
He who refuses to obey my will,
And dang'rously resolves to try my skill,
I challenge by this pledge, † — which he who takes,
All hopes of safety, nay of life, forsakes :
Weak as I am, that wretch had better tarry ;
For I can make such thrusts — as no man here can parry.

† Throws down a glove.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO

EURYDICE.

WRITTEN BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MISS ROBINSON, IN BOY'S CLOTHES,
TRIPPING IN HASTILY.

O GENTLEMEN! I'm come, but was not sent ye,
A volunteer. Pray, does my size content ye?
Man, I am yours—Sex---blest as heaven can make ye!
And from this time, weak woman! I forsake ye.
Who'd be a wife when each new play can teach us
To what fine ends these lords of ours beseech us?
At first whate'er they do they do so charming;
But mark what follows, frightful! and alarming!
They feed too fast on love, then sick'ning tell us,
They can't, forsooth, be kind, because they're jealous:
Who would be woman then, to sigh and suffer,
And wish, and wait, for the slow-coming proffer?
Not I. Farewel to petticoats and flitching,
And welcome, dear, dear breeches, more bewitching.
Henceforth new moulded, I'll rove, love, and wander,
And fight, and storm, and charm, like Periander.
Born for this dapper age, pert, short, and clever,
If e'er I grow a man, 'tis now or never.
Well, but what conduct suits this transformation?
I'll copy some smart soul of conversation,

Shou'd

Shou'd there be war, I'd talk of fields and trenches;
 Shou'd there be peace, I'd toast ten fav'rite wenches.
 Shou'd I be lov'd, gad so! how then? No matter,
 I'll bow as you do, and look foolish at her.
 And so, who knows, that never mean to prove ye,
 But I'm as good a man as any of ye?
 Well, 'tis a charming project, and I'll do't:
 Sirs, have I your consent? What say ye to't?
 Yet hold, perhaps they'll dread a rival beau,
 I may be what I seem, for aught they know.
 Ladies, farewell, I should be loth to leave ye,
 Could an increase of pretty fellows grieve ye;
 Each, like myself, devoted ne'er to harm ye,
 And full as fit, no doubt, to serve and charm ye.

EPILOGUE FOR THE

F R E E - M A S O N S.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YOUNGER AT THE THEATRE IN
 LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS, APRIL 27, 1732.

WELL, ladies, of the art of masonry,
 Although I neither am nor can be free,
 Some of their signs, perhaps, I may have seen,
 And well I know what 'tis they, sometimes, mean;
 And therefore I their advocate appear,
 To tell you—what you'll all be glad to hear.
 What monstrous, horrid lies do some folks tell us?
 Why masons, ladies! are quite clever fellows;

They're

They're lovers of our sex, as I can witness ;
 Nor e'er act contrary to moral fitness !
 If any of you doubt it, try the masons,
 They'll not deceive your largest—expectations :
 They're able workmen, and completely skill'd in
 The deepest arts and mysteries of building ;
 They'll build up families, and as most fit is,
 Not only will erect, but people cities :
 They'll fill, as well as fabricate, your houses,
 And found a lasting race of strong built spouses.
 What's more, you'll find, whenever you befriend 'em,
 They've *faith* and *secrecy* to recommend 'em.

If such their parts, such, ladies, is their merit,
 So great their skill, and strength, their life and spirit,
 What female heart can be so very hard,
 As to refuse them their deserv'd reward ?

Once on a time, I've heard old stories say,
 Two mason Gods to Troy town took their way,
 Arriv'd, and hir'd to work, to work they fell ;
 Hard was their task, but executed well :
 With more than human art, these heavenly powers
 Rais'd such prodigious walls, such swinging towers,
 As still defy'd all *Greece's* open force,
 Nor fell, but to let in their *wooden horse* ;
 Gratis they did it, whatsoe'er was done,
 Refus'd their pay by King *Laomedon*,
 They talk of mason kings, but surely he was none.
 Well was the craft revenged for this disgrace,
 In *Dryden's Virgil* I can shew the place,

That

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That tells us how this god-built town was fir'd,
And in the mason's quarrel Troy expir'd.

Ladies, this story is well worth your learning,
O hideous ! a'n't you all afraid of burning ?
Let it this truth, in each fair breast inspire,
That every workman's worthy of his hire ;
And sure such virtue in the present age is,
None will defraud the brethren of their wages.

Then treat the craft, ye fair ! with kind regard ;
And give them in your smiles, their best reward ;
Give 'em, to boast, where'er their art extends,
That they and beauty, from this hour, are friends.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT YORK, BY MR. KEREĞAN AND HIS WIFE.

Wife. **H**OLD, consort—Where's this epilogue, I pray,
You know was promis'd in the bills, to-day ?

Husb. Our poet has deceiv'd us—and what then ?
D—n his dull head, and split his venal pen ;
The price I offer'd might have spurr'd his wit——

W. Rail not at him, 'tis you yourself are bit.
Poor man, I'm sure, he labour'd day and night,
And work'd his brain some mighty thing to write,
'Till tir'd, at last, this truth he came to know,
No words can paint the gratitude we owe.

H. But something must be said. *W.* Why, yes, 'tis true;

H. And must be spoke by, either, me, or you.

W. Come on then, Sir, clear up your cloudy face,
A look like that would the best words disgrace!

We're us'd t'harangue in verse, faith e'en let's try

Who best can chant heroics, you, or I.

What! marching; stop for shame, and turn again,

You shall address the ladies——I the men.

H. Well—since it must be so—I'll do my best;

Ladies, see here a truly grateful breast,

Which labours now, and heaves to think which way

To ease a debt, it never can repay.

Your favour to our late subscriptions shewn,

An obligation we shall ever own,

Has rais'd us from the depth of black despair,

And made the winter, as the summer, clear.

What choice of blessings ever wait the deed

Who clothe the naked, and the hungry feed;

Behold those objects——those your kindness warms,

[*Pointing to his Actors.*]

Secur'd by you from winter's fierce alarms;

Whilst days and nights pass chearfully away,

Pray for their benefactors---when they pray.

How oft within these walls has *Hamlet* died,

With not a cross his fun'rals to provide?

Mark Antony has dropp'd so very poor,

His chandler's bill has ta'en up all his store.

Nay, the great *Cato*, we've been forc'd to shew

T'an audience, as his little senate, few.

But

But now—this charming pit and glorious stage,
 So cheers my heart, as warms me into rage.
 Let *Rich* and *Cibber* boast their crouded seats,
 Half filled with painted whores, and bawds, and cheats;
 Here sit the *Northern stars*, and shine so clear,
 T'out-rival all within the hemisphere;
 Whose darling beauty strikes the strongest light,
 With sterling virtue join'd, makes all divinely bright.
 Oh, may your influence another day,
 (For this, alas, is but a parting ray)
 When next we court your favour, kindly shine,
 And our best services we'll not repine,
 But offer humbly up at beauty's shrine.

W. Well off, indeed! now, gentlemen, for you,
 To whom an equal share of thanks is due,
 But don't expect it in his high flown lays,
 Pick'd out from ends of verse, and seraps of plays.
 A plain and humble muse shall speak my mind,
 I'll call you mortals, but of gen'rous kind;
 Whose goodness, to our company express'd,
 Shall dwell for ever in my grateful breast.

But now, to end this struggle for the bayes,
 How shall I gain your hands t'applaud my lays?
 My spouse has plac'd your ladies in the sky,
 Pray where must I put you? above 'em—fy!
 Why then e'en pluck 'em down again, you cry;
 For, after so extravagant a stretch,
 They seem as gone for ever, from your reach.
 Such strange poetic flights will never bear;
 How bright foe'er h'as made his stars appear,
 Believe me, they'd look dull enough, were you not here.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE
EUNUCH OF TERENCE.

ACTED BY THE KING'S SCHOLARS AT WESTMINSTER,
FEBRUARY 6, 1733.

SPOKEN JUST AFTER THE DEATH OF DOCTOR FREIND
MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

OF old the Romans acted comic plays,
Alike on funeral, and on festal days.
And here, though mirth should all our souls employ,
And our glad genius give a loose to joy;
Grief still intrudes, since he must disappear,
Whose mourn'd departure claims a dutious tear.
Beneath whose care these walls compleatly rose;
Whose art each secret grace of Terence shews:
A glory Latin *Ædiles* yet ne'er knew,
To build their theatres, and actors too.

How ancient bards and orators could soar,
Much taught his precepts, his example more.
Oft as th' election's yearly pomp displays
His weight of sense, and elegance of phrase;
Rapid, yet pure, the torrent pour'd along,
Smooth as the Roman, as the Grecian strong.
Let neighb'ring tombs his matchless stile declare,
More worth than all the neighb'ring sculptures there;
That bids the buried live by skill refin'd,
In each distinguish'd feature of the mind:
From whence e'en South still brighter finds his name,
And his own *Busby* deigns to borrow fame.

What

What scholar, great, and grateful, as thou *Freind*,
 Thy worth to future ages shall commend?
 Not *Busby's* self in equal height maintain'd
 The school, where half a century he reign'd.
 Daily through *Freind*, her swelling numbers rose,
 The hate—but more the envy, of her foes.
 Forgive the last respect to him we shew;
 To him in virtue train'd, ourselves we owe,
 If ought too much his nicer judgment sees,
 'Tis thus, thus only, that we would displease,
 But all besides our duty must approve,
 The sons, and patrons of the place they love:
 And though small praise our mean performance draws,
 Will crown our master's *exit* with applause.*

EPILOGUE TO

VOLPONE.

ACTED BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF BURY-SCHOOL,

NOV. 5, 1734, IN THE NEW THEATRE THERE.

GREAT minds to strokes of fortune never yield,
 But with fresh courage reassume the field;
 To night as mountebank I have been drubb'd;
 What then? Sir William Read a knight was dubb'd,
 And many drubbings, he, no doubt, sustain'd,
 Before he that immortal honour gain'd.
 I love such public souls, and I'll essay
 To benefit mankind as much as they:

* This epilogue would have had a good and proper effect, if revived and spoken at Drury-Lane, the night of Mr. Garrick's funeral, as it applies so justly to him, in so many particulars, and would therefore have been but a deserved tribute paid to his memory.

The Editor.

Ne'er seem'd the world (since Adam) more inclin'd
 To favour mountebanks of ev'ry kind :
 They've learn'd the graduate blockhead to despise,
 Ay—'twas Sir William open'd first their eyes.
 Heav'ns ! what a run, about a twelve-month past,
 Crude Mercury had ; the god ne'er mov'd so fast ;
 Ne'er drove (whatever poets feign) before
 Such shoals of spirits to the Stygian shore.
 But now Ward's pill unrival'd reigns alone,
 Ward's peerless pill, what wonders has it done !
 A Drury virgin, who convers'd with beaux,
 Chanc'd by misfortune to lose half her nose ;
 She took a single pill—and I profess,
 Nose has been growing from that minute—less.
 A noted cuckold, I conceal his name,
 Whose horns were pointed at, where-e'er he came,
 Took but a couple in a glass of wine,
 And since his forehead is—as smooth as mine,
 An honest tar, being asham'd to beg,
 Took half a dozen—for a wooden leg,
 And since protests, (I scorn the truth to smother)
 He feels less pain in that than in the other.
 What strange prodigious cures are these, O Ward !
 Thou'lt surely be a knight, perhaps a lord.
 Oh, how thy glory fires my blood—thy pill
 Could not do't more ; but I'll outstrip thee still ;
 Something will I invent shall youth restore,
 And drive death off, though rapping at the door,
 Then shall Ward's pill be never heard of more.

}

EPILOGUES.

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EPILOGUE TO THE PSEUDOLUS OF PLAUTUS.

ACTED BY THE SCHOLARS OF BURY-SCHOOL,

NOVEMBER 6, 1734.

I HAVE been peeping, for these many days,
P'th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,
And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like dishclout, pinn'd behind.
Those ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on :
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.
From modern fancy, then, this custom rose,
Like whimsical toupees among the beaus :
Monstrous excrescences ! both which disgrace
(By being fixt in an improper place,)
Heav'n's great production, man, man's great produc-
tion, plays. }

Yet must we, though as foolish we decry
This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply ;
For rites we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd
At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd :
Since then this privilege you will not lose,
Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.
Are you for satire ? No ; why there you're right ;
The wisest can't foresee where that may light.

Are ye for politics? There we cry no,
 Where that may light—you easily may know,
 Another topic then, pray, ladies, hear,
 Suppose a panegyric on the fair.
 So, I perceive, I've touch'd the ticklish place,
 And clearly read consent in every face.
 O fie! consent so soon, that can't be right,
 I hate such coming ladies, so good night,

EPILOGUE TO

VENICE PRESERV'D.

SPOKEN BY BELVIDERA.

WELL! if all husbands keep so great a pother,
 I'll live unmarried—till I get another.
 For, now, I think on't, I'm afraid of sprites,
 And can't abide to lie alone, a-nights.
 Stand clear, gallants,—let's see—I'll take a view—
 Who knows but I may fix on one of you?
 But, ladies, why do I your frowns discover?
 Indeed I am not come to take a lover:
 But rather fear that you'll engross them all,
 And to my share not one gallant will fall,
 Except some half starv'd thing, not worth my taking,
 Some modern fop, whom you have all forsaken.

Oh! might a widow dare to give advice,
 In marriage, ladies, you'd be very nice;
 For in that state there is no medium found,
 But all with bliss, or wretchedness, are crown'd.

They

They, only they, can be compleatly blest,
 Whose choice soft love directs,—not interest.
 If to a wealthy fool a slave you're sold,
 Poor comfort 'tis to drag a chain of gold;
 Poor joy to shine, and all the world controul,
 If discontent fits heavy on your soul.
 The mutual lovers lasting treasure find,
 Lock'd in the casket of a peaceful mind.
 From Jaffier's love, and Belvidera's, see
 What sweets might flow from souls of constancy;
 Had not Priuli try'd their joys to pall,
 And dash'd their cup of happiness with gall.
 Be warn'd, ye fathers, take your daughters' part,
 And give her hand, where she has given her heart;
 For wedlock would not always prove a curse,
 If all would wed the person, not the—purse.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF CATO, AT
 PORT-ARLINGTON SCHOOL, IRELAND.

CATO revives again, to cheer the fair,
 To calm their grief, and wipe the falling tear.
 Who in their country's cause will fear to die,
 When pity'd by the matron's gushing eye?
 Or made immortal by the muse's song,
 And mourn'd by every virgin's tuneful tongue?
 To die thus honour'd is a greater bliss,
 Than the fond lover tastes in Hymen's kiss;

So

So thought the Spartan,* and forlook his mate,
His tender offspring, and imperial state,
To vindicate, in fields of death, the cause
Of Lacedemon's liberty and laws.

Thus Britons, too, resign'd the joys of life,
The sparkling mistress, and the love-sick wife,
To search for laurels blooming on the Rhine,
Or the more blooming laurels of the Boyne.
Envy herself can ne'er on valour frown,
While poets give, and you confirm renown.
Great Cato then his share of glory claims,
First from the Roman, now from fairer dames,
Whose ancestors† a tyrant's‡ power withstood,
And sacrific'd to freedom seas of blood.§

Exil'd at length their native land they shun,
And follow liberty to Arlington.||

O!—may she ever reign in this retreat,
And call Astræa from her starry seat!

Critics, beware—speak not an impious word,
To tempt the mimic Cato's vengeful sword:
Nor dare condemn our venerable sage;
(The glory, and the blessing of his age!)
Born under superstition's gloomy sway,
Is it a crime once to mistake his way
In virtue's path?—for virtue was his aim,
And good intention shields the heart from blame.
By death he bravely shun'd the servile day,
When abject Rome stoop'd to a tyrant's sway.

* Leonidas.

† French refugees.

‡ Louis XIV.

§ In persecutions.

|| Portarlington was the place the French refugees settled at in Ireland.

With dying liberty the hero dy'd,
 And fame will bless him, tho' a suicide.
 Let meaner souls deny, with coward shame,
 Immortal honours due to Cato's name,
 Britons will ratify—and emulate his fame.

}

EPILOGUE TO THE
 CARELESS HUSBAND.

SPOKEN BY LADY B. MODISH, AND LORD FOPPINGTON.

LADY B. MODISH.

WELL now we've done, I'll feed my sex's failing,
 Attack the fops, and give a loose to railing.
 Of all the parts in life, the part most oddish
 Is surely that—— [*Pointing affectedly at him.*]

Ld. Fop.——of Lady Betty Modish !
 I grant you, madam, there's no part
 Is half so odd.

Ly. Bet.——Except Lord Foppington.

Ld. Fop. A hit, i' faith——let's fairly try together,
 And weigh your pride——

Ly. Bet.——against your Lordship's feather.

Ld. Fop. A feather's light indeed, I must agree ;
 But not so light as woman's vanity.

Ly. Bet. Hold there, my Lord, I fancy you've forgot.
 You wear a solitaire, and shoulder-knot.
 For what's that wig comb'd prim around your face ?
 For what, that coat all o'er bedaub'd with lace ?

For

For what, the farce of all your dress beside ?

For what, my Lord,—but vanity and pride ?

Ld. Fop. O ! split me, rat me, flap my vital breath !
This woman's tongue will talk a man to death.

Ly. Bet. For pride, my Lord, and to attack the throng,
Your gilded chariot rolls in pomp along:
Within you loll with careless air, and easy,
And think you charm each female eye that sees ye.
I vow, for my own single part, that I
As soon could love a gaudy butterfly ;
A while they tease us, and then disappear :
But fops are drones, that plague us all the year,
And buz their tender nonsense in one's ear.

Ld. Fop. Her clack is still ; if possible, I'll try
If I can put a word in by the bye ;
Faults I may have, yet still I am no sham,
My dress discovers what I truly am.
A poor insipid thing that's made for show ;
For sense,—none thinks to find it in a beau.
But a coquet's a two-leg'd walking cheat,
Whose every look, and motion is——deceit.
At every glass you meet, your airs you try,
To smile affected, and to play your eye ;
Your cheeks are reddened with vermilion art,
To make your face as false as is your heart ;
Nay, ev'n your dress is falser than your face,
And your own work's put off for Flanders lace.

Ly. Bet. A truce, since both our 'scutcheons have a blot,

Ld. Fop. And we but play the kettle and the pot ;

Ly. Bet. By us be warn'd, ye fair, be warn'd, ye beaux !
For merit lies not in embroider'd clothes.

Ld. Fop.

Ld. Fop. Within bestow your sin'ry and expence,
And lace your minds with virtue and with sense ;

Ly. Bet. Coquets alone are caught in coxcombs' snares,

Ld. Fop. And only coxcombs prize coquettish airs.

Ly. Bet. In our Sir Charles, and in his virtuous wife,

Ld. Fop. Behold two patterns for the marriage life.

Ly. Bet. Like her, gallants, may all your wives be fam'd ;

Ld. Fop. Your husbands, ladies, like Sir Charles reclaim'd.

EPILOGUE TO

M U S T A P H A.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

WELL—for this once, I'll undertake the part—
But, would have been excus'd, with all my heart.
I come, good Sirs, to speak an epilogue ;
I doubt, not season'd to the taste in vogue :
Nor was I made to flimper, leer, and coax,
Nor torture meanings into wanton jokes.
Our author too avows himself unfit
To write such strains as but dishonour wit.
Yet this, with humble hope, he bids me say :
If aught less faulty pleas'd you in his play,
If noble passions bade your bosoms glow,
If feeling pity taught a tear to flow ;
If, while he try'd to make fair virtue shine,
You smil'd indulgent on the just design ;

'Twere mean, those bright impressions to efface,
That dignify the mind which gives 'em place :
And for the vain delight of some low jest,
Distaste the wise, and pain the modest breast.

Behold, that circle of the list'ning fair,
Their looks how open, how serene their air !
May no rude blush invade one smiling face,
That safe from insult they may veil no grace !
Be yours henceforth to save them from alarms,
And vindicate their violated charms.

EPILOGUE TO THE
F A I T H F U L S H E P H E R D.

SPOKEN BY MRS. FURNIVAL.

SUCH were the scenes Italian fancy wrought,
Ere music from the stage had banish'd thought ;
Led on, where heroes trod, a beardless throng,
Warblers who ravish—only with a song.

Ladies, what think ye of Mirtillo's vows ?
What modern youth wou'd die to save his spouse ?
Our wiser lovers, in these reas'ning days,
To gain their mistresses choose milder ways ;
With parents calmly traffic for their daughter,
And wait till lawyers sign her ——*imprimatur*,
When after tedious moons of wishing, lo !
The eager bride finds in her arms—a bear.

Who can the coxcomb's happy lot express ?
His knowledge—fashions, and his bus'ness—dress.

Lord

Lord of the snuff-box and the sparkling ring,
 A smiling, bowing, necessary thing.
 Too vain to love, too low to be abus'd,
 And just despis'd enough to be well us'd.
 But of our sex the men of sense beware,
 Your slavery is the triumph of the fair ;
 'Twixt passion long and reason doom'd to vary,
 To ponder, doubt, examine, judge, yet—marry.
 Long polish'd nations have admir'd these strains,
 Rome's brightest beauties crouded to these scenes ;
 Yet never the applauded author drew
 A fairer circle than we boast in you.
 Kindly then praise Mirtillo's gen'rous mind,
 So, may each nymph a faithful shepherd find.

EPILOGUE TO THE

M O C K D O C T O R.

HOW happy chance may alter one's condition,
 Behold poor Gregory a rich phyfician !
 My axe is chang'd and dwindled to a pen,
 To trees once fatal, fatal now to men.
 No more shall woollen caps these looks disgrace,
 Of scanty bobs, full bottoms shall take place,
 Bespread my rump, and dignify my face.
 Ladies, survey me well, behind, before,
 I'm doctor now, plain Gregory no more :

Declare

Declare your thoughts, are any of our tribe
 Better prepar'd to visit or prescribe?
 I've got my dress, have taken my degrees,
 Prepar'd, at once, to kill, and take my fees.
 Ay, but say some, this doctor scarce can read;
 Does he know when to blister, purge or bleed?
 Learning, 'tis true, like many more, I want;
 But then, like many more, I prate and cant:
 For tho' my brethren may look wise and big,
 Their knowledge lies not in the head but wig.
 If this is granted, all may plainly see,
 That few in knowledge can compare with me.

[Strokes his wig.]

This night a female patient try'd my skill,
 And tho' I gave her neither flop nor pill,
 By other means I soon perform'd a cure.
 Miss could not talk—no common case, I'm sure;
 Punch I prescrib'd, the best specific potion,
 To oil the tongue, and give that member motion;
 But soon as e'er I knew the maid's condition,
 I thought a pimp more proper than physician:
 In short, I brought the lovers face to face,
 The best prescription, in a ticklish case;
 They married soon, and fell to bill and cooing,
 Which op'd her lips, and set her tongue a going.
 Now, ladies, if you stand my friends, you're sure,
 If love's your case, to find a speedy cure.
 I'm always yours, employ me as you please,
 Pimp, or physician, give me but my fees.

EPILOGUE TO

C A T O.

AS ACTED BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE
KING'S SCHOOL AT ROCHESTER, 1743.

FORGIVE me, Cato! and forgive me, Rome!
That this last stroke to censure I presume.
Pity we must, and, while we censure, grieve,
Men that could dare to die, and not to live!
Cross'd in their views, away their lives are hurl'd,
Unable to command, they leave the world;
Impatient of distress, they poorly die,
And Cato only skulks from Cæsar's eye.

Is this, O Rome! thy boasted suicide?
'Tis envy, shame, mere cowardice and pride.

Not so the christian hero—calm and firm,
He stands his post, and waits the appointed term:
Scorns the poor impotence of wild despair,
Looks up thro' darkest clouds to heav'nly care,
And shews mankind the supernatural art—to bear.
Till the Great Ruler summons from the field,
And decks with *palms those hands that never yield.

* Rev. vii. 9.

EPILOGUE,

ON THE BIRTH DAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, 1746.

WRITTEN BY THE FARMER,* AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN DUBLIN.

'T IS not a birth to titles, pomp, or state,
That forms the brave, or constitutes the great ;
To be the son of George's just renown,
And brother to the heir of Britain's crown,
'Tho' proud these claims, at best, they but adorn,
For heroes, cannot be, like princes — born ;
Valour and worth must consecrate their name,
And virtue give them to the rolls of fame.

Hail to the youth, whose actions mark this year,
And in whose honour you assemble here !
'Tis not to grace his natal day we meet,
His birth of glory, is the birth we greet.

How quick does his progressive virtue run,
How swift ascend to its meridian sun ;
Before its beam, the northern storms retire,
And Britons catch the animating fire.

Yet, rush not too precipate, for know,
The fate you urge, wou'd prove our greatest foe ;
Religion, law, and liberty's at stake,
Repress your ardour for your country's sake,

* Mr. Brooke, author of the *Farmer's* letters, &c.

The life you prize not, Britain may deplore,
And chance may take, what ages can't restore,
O, did the gallant Cumberland but head
Such troops, as here, our glorious William led !
Bold names, in Briton's history renown'd,
Who fix'd her freedom on Hibernian ground,
'Till death imbattel'd for their country stood,
And made the *Boyne* immortal by their blood.
Such were your fires, who still survive in fame ;
Such are the sons who would atchieve the same.

Young William then should rival trophies raise,
And emulate our great deliverer's days ;
By equal actions win the like applause,
Alike their name, their glory, and their cause.

May heaven's peculiar angel shield the youth !
Who draws the sword of liberty, and truth ;
By him Britannia's injuries redress,
And crown his toil, his virtue, with success ;
Make him the scourge of France, the dread of Rome,
The patriot's blessing, and the rebel's doom.

Then seize, Hibernia, seize the present joy,
This day is sacred to the martial boy !——
The morrow shall a diff'rent strain require,
When, with thy Stanhope, all delights retire,
And (a long polar night of grief begun)
Thy soul shall sigh for its returning fun.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO

I G N O R A M U S.

ACTED AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL IN DECEMBER, 1747.

SPOKEN BY * IGNORAMUS AND MUSÆUS.

Ign. **P**EACE, bookworm! bless me!—what a clerk
have I!

A strange place sure——this univerfity !
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or fenfe ?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence ?
Thefe stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one—fhort—comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, match it, if you can, with all your rules,
Of Greek, or Roman, old or modern fchools :
The total this of Ignoramus' fkill,
To carve his fortune—place him where you will.
For not in law alone cou'd I appear ;
My parts would fhine alike in any fphere.
You've heard my fong in Rofabella's praife :
And would I try the loftier ode to raife,
You'd fee me foon—a rival for the bays. }
Or, I could turn a journalift, and write,
With little wit, but large recruits of fpite ;

* The part of Ignoramus was performed by the hon. Hamilton Boyle, fecond fon of the Right honourable the Earl of Orrery.

Abuse and blacken—just as party sways ———
And lash my betters——these are thriving ways.

My mind to graver phyfic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Freind ?
No—with some *nostrum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees :
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——

Mus. Orders ? How ?

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might know :
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders too my purposes I'd serve ;
And if I could not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair,
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test :
But universities——are all a jest.

Mus. I grant a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or phyfic, in the church or state,
Than those, who early drank the love of fame,
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to clear.

Ign. Bless me !—what !—not one Ignoramus here ?
I stand convicted——What can I say more ?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great foe'er I seem in Dulman's eye,
Yet ignorance must blush—when learning's by.

EPILOGUE TO
C O R I O L A N U S.

SPOKEN BY MRS. WOFFINGTON, 1749.

WELL, gentlemen ! and are you still so vain
To treat our sex with arrogant disdain,
And think, to you alone by partial heav'n
Superior sense and sov'reign pow'r are given,
When in the story told to-night, you find,
With what a boundless sway we rule the mind,
And by a few soft words of ours, with ease,
Can turn the proudest hearts just where we please ?
If an old mother had such pow'rful charms,—
To stop a stubborn Roman's conqu'ring arms,—
Soldiers and statesmen of these days, with you
What think you wou'd a fair young mistress do ?
If with my grave discourse, and wrinkled face,
I thus could bring a hero to disgrace,
How absolutely may I hope to reign,
Now I am turn'd to my own shape again !
However, I will use my empire well ;
And if I have a certain magic spell,
Or in my tongue, or wit, or shape, or eyes,
Which can subdue the strong, and fool the wise,
Be not alarm'd : I will not interfere,
In state-affairs, nor undertake to steer
The helm of government,—as we are told
Those female politicians did of old ;

Such

Such dangerous heights I never wish'd to climb—
 Thank heav'n ! I better can employ my time—
 Ask you to what my pow'r I shall apply ?
 To make my subjects blest, is my reply.
 My purposes are gracious all, and kind,
 Some may be told, and some may be divin'd :
 One, which at present I have most at heart,
 To you, without reserve, I will impart :
 It is my sov'reign will,—hear, and obey,——
 That you with candour treat this orphan play.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY PRINCE EDWARD AND LADY AUGUSTA,
 ON PERFORMING THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, AT
 LEICEISTER HOUSE, 1749.

Lady Aug. **T**HE prologue's fill'd with such fine phrases,
 George will alone have all the praises ;
 Unless we can (to get in vogue)
 Contrive to speak an epilogue.

Prince. George has, 'tis true, vouchsaf'd to mention,
 His future gracious intention,
 In such heroic strains, that no man
 Will e'er deny his soul is Roman :
 But what have you or I to say to
 The pompous sentiments of Cato ?
 George is to have imperial sway ;
 Our task is only to obey :
 And trust me, I'll not thwart his will,
 But be his faithful Juba still.

—Though, sister ! now the play is over,
I wish you'd get a better lover.

Lady Aug. Why—not to under-rate your merit,
Others would court with diff'rent spirit :
And I,—perhaps,—might like another,
A little better than a brother ;
Could I have one of England's breeding
But 'tis a point they're all agreed in,
That I must wed a foreigner,
And cross the sea—the lord knows where :
—Yet, let me go where'er I will.
England shall have my wishes still.

Prince. In England born, my inclination,
Like yours, is wedded to the nation :
And future times, I hope will see
Me general, in reality.

—Indeed ! I wish to serve this land,
It is my father's strict command ;
And none he ever gave, will be
More chearfully obey'd by me.

EPILOGUES.

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EPILOGUE TO

M E R O P E.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD IN THE CHARACTER
OF MEROPE, 1749.

I'M glad with all my heart, I've 'scap'd my wedding—
Glad! cry the maids?—Heaven keep such joy from
spreading!

Marriage (poor things!) don't move their hearts so coldly.

'Tis a dark leap, they own—but, love jumps boldly—

Fair fall th' advent'urers? I'm no husband-hater.—

Only, be warn'd by me, and wed no traitor.

Pain hunting murmur! born to growl, and grumble!

No king can please him,—and no wife can humble!

Sick to the soul, be heaven his kind physician!

Earth's ablest drugs are lost upon ambition.

All Warwick-Lane falls short—and, to my knowledge,

No cure is hop'd for, in our female college.

So e'en despair, Sirs!—for, (he plainly told it)

When we give out, you've poor pretence to hold it.

Vainly, the stage makes war on this wild passion!

'Twill reign,—when hopes, and cards, are out of fashion.

Stubborn, as woman's will, it scorns restriction,

And grows but ten times worse, for contradiction.

Shun plotting heads, dear ladies!—all miscarries,

When one who hums and haws at midnight, marries.

Better, plain downright dunce—no dream, pursuing :
 One, that means bluntly—and knows what he's doing !
 Not him, whose factious mind, out-soaring pleasure,
 Holds him still busiest,—when his wife's at leisure.

Better, a sportsman, sound of wind, and hearty.—
 Better Sir Sot,---than spouse dry drunk, with party !
 A hunting husband halloos---and you hear him.---
 A drunken deary stag-gers---and you steer him.
 Each,—conscious of his wife, takes care to make her,
 One way or other—an indulg'd partaker.

But, your sage, saturnine, ambitious lover
 Keeps no one secret woman wou'd discover.
 No—He's a deep, dark, pensive, comfort-hater :
 As very a Poliphontes—as my traitor !
 Stranger at home, he strolls abroad, for blessing :
 And holds whate'er he has not worth possessing.
 Freedom, and mirth, and health, and joy—despises !
 And scorns all rest—he, so pro-found-ly wise is !

At length, thank heaven ! he dies : kind vapours strike
 him :

And leaves behind—ten thousand madmen like him.

EPILOGUE TO THE
BRITISH TASTE.

TOO long provok'd in these censorious times,
When satire points the most unpolish'd rhimes,
Tho' fancy shifts her scenes with welcome haste,
I come, ye beaus, to vindicate your taste.

In national politeness we advance ;
Court Algerines, send hostages to France ;
To save the Dutch, contribute two for one ;
Oblige all neighbours, are oblig'd by none.

In public works, what taste may we alledge !
Without a bottom we construct a bridge :
Our city mansion who does not admire ?
And Westminster's two tow'rs without a spire ?
Who built a canvas palace for a blaze ?
Were they not Britons ? Did not Britons gaze !
Who hir'd Italians, fam'd for op'ra skill,
That wonderous work to finish ?—Britons still.

Let Cam and Isis plead their high deserts,
Who's first in learning, loyalty, and arts ;
Politer Taste scorns rivalry so muddy ;
In Broughton's academy, Britons studdy :
They sinack the whip ; the cards they shuffle well ;
And lords grow proud at cricket to excel.

When to Vauxhall and Ranelagh we go,
We melt in ecstasy with Beard and Lowe :

Each

Each breast imbibes the thrilling vesper's airs—
Receipts for cuckoldom, and virgin snares.

See Ranger born all action to express,
By taste enchanted with a dance, and dress ;
Submits to fix, his passion to relieve,
And drudge thro' wedlock's duty with his Eve.

While farce and feedle-fee engross the town,
And Shakespeare's trash but now and then goes down,
The cits to Cuper's hurry with their spouses,
And Hough displays his talents to full houses.
Is not this taste refin'd — beyond dispute ?

'Tis Britain's taste : ye critics all, be mute !

Trite stuff, you say. Well, this is new, I hope ;
We've kept our jubilee before the Pope ;
In modern dress we mask old-fashion'd vice,
And ev'ry toy in taste commands its price.

How I forget !—Your pardon, Mr. Foote ;
We taste your tricks, and puppet-shews to boot.

In short, from Britain's steerage to her stage,
Such taste no nation ever saw, no age :
We try it now ; and, if this trifle hit,
Courage, my friends, your trade will be compleat.

EPILOGUE TO
EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE, 1750.

AGAINST such odds if Edward could succeed,
Our English warriors once were great, indeed :
But mournful thought ! we surely must complain,
They're sadly alter'd from King Edward's reign.
Yet some there are who merit ev'ry praise,
Stems of that stock, and worthy of those days ;
Illustrious herbes ! — How unlike to those,
Whose valour, like their wit, lies only in their cloaths !
Such arrant beaus, so trim, so *degagée*,
That e'en French ladies would not run away.
They'll huff indeed, and strut, look proud, and swear,
And all this they can do—because they dare.
But know, poor-souls ! all this implies no merit,
E'en women soon discern a man of spirit ;
Judges alike of warriors, and of wooers :
The mightiest talkers and the poorest doers.
Such to subdue, requires no martial fire,
One Joan of Arc would make 'em all retire.
But hold—I wander—Poitiers be my story,
And warm my breast with British love of glory ;
When each bold Briton took his country's part,
And wore her freedom blazon'd on his heart,
Such were our fires—but now, O dire disgrace !
Lo, half their offspring lost in filk and lace.

Ye Britons, from this lethargy arise,
 Burst forth from folly's bondage, and be wise :
 Once more let virtue, dignity, be priz'd :
 Nor copy what our ancestors despis'd.
 Each false refinement study to disdain,
 And harden into manhood back again :
 So shall our Britain's honours mount on high,
 And future fields with that of Poitiers vie.

EPILOGUE TO THE

ROMAN FATHER.

LADIES, by me our courteous author sends
 His compliments to all his female friends :
 And thanks them from his soul for every bright
 Indulgent tear, which they have shed to-night.
 Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,
 And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.
 O who could bear the loveliest form of art,
 A cherub's face, without a feeling heart !
 'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,
 Tho' men will flatter, and tho' men will toast,
 'Tis there alone they find the joys sincere,
 The wife, the parent, and the friend are there.
 All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,
 Are but the paltry play-things of the town ;
 The painted clouds, which glitt'ring tempt the chace,
 Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.

Well then ; the private virtues, 'tis confess,
 Are the soft inmates of the female breast.
 But then, they fill so full the crouded space,
 That the poor public seldom finds a place.
 And I suspect there's many a fair one here,
 Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatia's bier,
 That still retains so much of flesh and blood,
 She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.

Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,
 At your tribunal he must stand or fall.
 Whate'er his country, or his fire decreed,
 You are his judges now, and he must plead.

Like other culprit youths, he wanted grace ;
 But could have no self-interest in the case.
 Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,
 It might have answer'd some convenient end :
 But a mere sister, whom he lov'd,---to take
 Her life away,---and for his country's sake !
 Faith, ladies, you may pardon him ; indeed
 There's very little fear the crime should spread,
 True patriots are but rare among the men,
 And really might be useful, now and then.
 Then do not check by your disapprobation,
 A spirit which once rul'd the British nation,
 And still might rule---would you but set the fashion.

EPILOGUE.

BY MRS. CLIVE, ON THE TWO OCCASIONAL PROLOGUES,
SPOKEN AT COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE,

1750.

[Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.]

I'LL do't, by heav'n I will!—Pray get you gone :
What ! all these janglings, and I not make one !
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong ?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue !
I'm so provok'd I hope you will excuse me :
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Composed of little wit — and some few fibs ;
I Catherine Clive come here t' attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand and you shall have it.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert :
Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad, ill-treated. }
The master paus'd --to be unjust was loth,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipt them both.
In the same master's place, lo ! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.

First

First, for our own—Oh, 'tis a pretty youth !
 But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth.
 'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
 And fiery parts make up his composition.
 How have I seen him rave when things miscarried !
 Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
 If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike !
 And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.
 Faults he has many—but I know no crimes :
 Yes ; he has one—he contradicts sometimes :
 And when he falls into his frantic fit,
 He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit:
 So much for him—the other youth comes next,
 Who shews by what he says, poor soul, he's vex !
 He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
 To make you think the little monster beats us.
 Wou'd I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
 How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bays !
 I, who am woman ! would have stood the fray ;
 At least, not snivell'd thus, and run away !
 Should any manager lift arm at me,
 I have a tyrant arm as well as he !——
 In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
 But who the bouncer was—enquire within.
 No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
 And hope henceforth hostilities will cease :
 No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
 But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

EPILOGUE TO

E U G E N I A.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD.

OF all the various wonders wit can do,
 (Whether to please the many or the few)
 None charms an audience like a stroke that's new.
 Now this choice secret found, I dare engage,
 Has brought their solemn champion to the stage,
 As if, to reach his merit, were no more,
 Than just to write—as none e'er wrote before.

Why here's a play now—of what kind to call it,
 I know no more, than—of what will befall it.
 Whether the critics praise, or bolder bucks shall maul it,
 In France 'twas comedy; but here 'tis tragic!
 And all by dint of poor poetic magic.
 Mistake me not, I don't by this aver,
 That every poet is a conjurer;
 Ours is all sentiment, blank verse, and virtue,
 Distress—but yet no bloodshed to divert ye.
 Such plays in France perhaps may cut a figure;
 But to our critics here they're mere *soupe medgrée*.
 Tho' there they never stain their stage with blood,
 Yet English stomachs love substantial food.
 Give us the light'ning's blaze, the thunder's roll!
 The pointed dagger, and the pois'ning bowl!

Let drums and trumpets' clangor swell the scene,
 Till the gor'd battle bleed in every vein.
 We love the muses' animating spark,
 "Till gods meet gods and jostle in the dark!"
 This now did something in the days of yore,
 When lungs heroic made the galleries roar.

As for our bard the fatal die is thrown,
 And now the question is—what says the town?
 Has he thrown in, or is the dupe undone?
 Yet on your justice boldly he relied,
 No party form'd, no partial friendship tried.
 Tho' love of praise his inmost soul inflame,
 All feign'd, or forc'd applause he dares disclaim;
 Your candour—no—your judgment be his fame.

EPILOGUE TO THE

G A M E S T E R.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD.

ON ev'ry gamester in th' Arabian nation,
 'Tis said that Mahomet denounc'd damnation;
 But in return for wicked cards and dice,
 He gave them black-ey'd girls in paradise.
 Should he thus preach, good countrymen, to you,
 His converts would, I fear, be mighty few.
 So much your hearts are set on fordid gain,
 The brightest eyes around you shine in vain.

Shou'd the most heav'nly beauty bid you take her,
 You'd rather hold,—*two aces and a maker*.
 By your example, our poor sex drawn in,
 Is guilty of the same unnat'ral sin ;
 The study now of every girl of parts,
 Is how to win your money not your hearts.
 O ! in what sweet, what ravishing delights,
 Our beaus and belles together pass their nights !
 By ardent perturbations kept awake,
 Each views with longing eyes the other's—stake,
 The smiles and graces are from Britain flown,
 Our Cupid is an arrant sharper grown,
 And Fortune sits on Cytherea's throne. }
 In all these things tho' women may be blam'd,
 Sure men, the wiser men, shou'd be asham'd ?
 And 'tis a horrid scandal, I declare,
 That four strange queens shou'd rival all the fair ;
 Four jilts with neither beauty, wit nor parts,
 Oh, shame ! have got possession of their hearts ;
 And those bold fluts, for all their queenly pride,
 Have play'd loose tricks, or else they're much bely'd.
 Cards were at first for benefits design'd,
 Sent to amuse, and not to enslave the mind.
 From good to bad how easy the transition !
 For what was pleasure once is now perdition.
 Fair ladies, then, these wicked gamesters shun,
 Whoever weds one, is, you see, undone.

* A term at Bragg.

EPILOGUE TO
THE BROTHERS.

WRITTEN BY DR. YOUNG.

AN epilogue, thro' custom, is your right;
But ne'er, perhaps, was needful, till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade :
Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
With pity some even Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan.
Nor reign'd he long ; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw.
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed, his perjur'd bosom bled,
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When rob'd in black his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung ;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe ;
At which thy tears, O Rome, began to flow,
So sad the scene : what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel ;
To see the slaves of his worst foe encrease,
From such a source ! — An emperor's embrace ?

He sicken'd soon to death, and, what is worse,
 He well deserv'd, and felt, the coward's curse ;
 Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
 Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r,
 His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
 No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.
 No suit retards, no comfort sooths his doom,
 And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
 Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to compleat,
 His ancient empire falling, shares his fate,
 His throne forgot ! his weeping country chain'd,
 And nations ask—Where Alexander reign'd ?
 As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
 So public blessings are his virtue's due.
 Shout, Britons, shout !—auspicious fortune blest !
 And cry, Long live—our title to success !

EPILOGUE TO THE

E A R L O F E S S E X.*

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

N EWS ! news ! good folks, rare news, and you shall
 know it—

I've got intelligence about our poet !
 Who do you think he is ?—You'll never guess ;
 An *Irish bricklayer*, neither more nor less.
 And now the secret's out, you cannot wonder,
 That in commercing bard he made a blunder.

* Written by Jones a bricklayer.

Has he not left the better for the worse,
 In quitting solid brick for empty verse?
 Can he believe the example of Old Ben,
 Who chang'd (like him) the trowel for the pen,
 Will in his favour move your critic bowels?
 You rather wish, most poets' pens were trowels.
 Our man is honest, sensible, and plain,
 Nor has the poet made him pert, or vain :
 No beau, no courtier, nor conceited youth ;
 But then so rude, he always speaks the truth :
 I told him he must flatter, learn address,
 And gain the heart of some rich patroness :
 'Tis she, said I, your labours will reward,
 If you but join the bricklayer with the bard ;
 As thus---should she be old and worse for wear,
 You must new-case her, front her and repair ;
 If crack'd in fame, as scarce to bear a touch,
 You cannot use your trowel then too much ;
 In short, whate'er her morals, age or station,
 Plaister and white-wash in your dedication.
 Thus I advis'd---but he detests the plan :
 What can be done with such a simple man ?
 A poet's nothing worth and nought availing,
 Unless he'll furnish, where there is a failing.
 Authors, in these good times, are made and us'd,
 To grant those favours nature had refus'd.
 If he won't fib, what bounty can he crave?
 We pay for what we want, not what we have.—
 Nay tho' of every blessing we have store,
 Our sex will always wish---a little more——

If he'll not bend his heart to this his duty,
 And sell (to whom will buy) wit, honour, beauty ;
 The bricklayer still for him the proper trade is,
 Too rough to deal with gentlemen and ladies. —
 In short---they'll all avoid him and neglect him,
 Unless that you, his patrons, will protect him.

EPILOGUE TO

B O A D I C I A.

SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

NOW we have shewn the fatal fruits of strife,
 A hero bleeding with a virtuous wife,
 A field of war embu'd with nation's gore,
 Which to the dust the hopes of Albion bore,
 If weak description and the languid flow,
 Of strains unequal to this theme of woe,
 Have fail'd to move the sympathizing breast,
 And no soft eyes their melting sense express ;
 Not all the wit, this after scene might share,
 Can give success, where you refus'd a tear ;
 Much less, if haply still the poet's art
 Hath stol'n persuasive to the feeling heart,
 Will he with fancy's wanton hand efface
 From gen'rous minds compassion's pleasing trace,
 Nor from their thoughts while pensive they pursue
 This maze of sorrow, snatch the moral clue :

If

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST



AND THE
REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND

*MR. MACKLIN as speaking his FAREWELL
EPILOGUE to the REFUSAL in 1753.*



David Dobson.

W. Kneller. Sculp.

*And lest this Lank, this Melancholy Phiz,
Should grow more Lank, more Dismal, than it is;*

If yet to him those pow'rs of sacred song,
 To melt the heart and raise the mind, belong,
 Dar'd he to hope this sketch of early youth
 Might stand th' award of nature and of truth :
 Encourag'd thus, hereafter might he soar,
 With double strength, and loftier scenes explore,
 And following fortune through her various wiles,
 Shew struggling virtue, dress'd in tears, or smiles ;
 Perhaps his grateful labours would requite,
 With frequent off'rings, one propitious night.

MR. MACKLIN'S

FAREWELL EPILOGUE

TO THE

R E F U S A L.

ACTED FOR HIS BENEFIT, IN THE YEAR 1753.

P OOR I ! tofs'd up and down from shore to shore,
 Sick, wet and weary, will to sea no more ;
 Yet 'tis some comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
 That this last voyage, with success is made,
 The ship full laden, and the freight all pay'd.
 Since then for reasons I the stage give o'er,
 And for your sakes---write tragedies no more :
 Some other schemes, of course, possess my brain,
 For he who once has eat---must eat again.

And

And lest this lank, this melancholy phyz,
 Should grow more lank, more dismal, than it is ;
 A scheme I have in hand will make you stare !
 Tho' off the stage, I still must be the play'r.
 Still must I follow the theatric plan,
 Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
 And to each guest appear a diff'rent man.
 I (like my liquors) must each palate hit,
 Rake with the wild, be sober with the cit,
 Nay sometimes act my least becoming part—the wit,
 With politicians I must nod—seem full——
 And act my best becoming part, the dull.
 My plan is this—man's form'd a social creature,
 Requiring converse by the laws of nature ;
 And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
 Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
 So—Do I make myself well understood ?
 I'm puzzled, faith---let us like Bayes agree it,
 You'll know my plot much better, when you see it.
 But truce with jesting, let me now impart
 The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart ;
 Come good, come bad, while life or memory last,
 My mind shall treasure up your favours past :
 And might one added boon encrease the store,
 With much less sorrow should I quit this shore :
 To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
 Protect the pledge my fondness leaves behind ;
 To you, her guardians, I resign my care,
 Let her with others your indulgence share ;
 Whate'er my fate ; if this my wish prevails,
 'Twill glad the father, tho' the schemist fails.

EPILOGUE TO THE MASQUE OF

A L F R E D.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROLT, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

WHILE our grave hermit busy above stairs,
 Employs his serious head on state affairs,
 Gallants, look here—faith I have play'd the rogue,
 And stole his wand—by way of epilogue.
 You critics, there below, had best be civil :
 For I, with this same rod, can play the devil ;
 Tie all your busy tongues up, one by one,
 And turn what share of brains you have—to stone :
 The beau's soft skull convert to solid rock—
 What then ?—the wig will always have its block.
 But for the men of sad and solemn face,
 The deep dark sages, in or out of place,
 Who much in port and politics delight,
 Small change, God knows, will make them statues quite
 The ladies too—but now these wiflings sneer—
 No, fair ones, you shall meet no insult here :
 I only hint my power—that, if I list,
 I yet can charm you two long hours from whist.
 But, cards are ready, you are all bespoke——
 To spoil a dozen drums, would be no joke.
 Besides, 'twould be mere arbitrary sway :
 Such as, of old, was us'd at Nero's play,
 Who, when he sung and fiddled to the town,
 till, as his subjects yawn'd, would knock them down.

No,

No, Sirs ; to gain a heart, we must not tease :
 Who would engage it, first should aim to please.
 This part be mine : and if I now succeed,
 To my own wish, you will be pleas'd, indeed.
 Then—for a trial : thus, I wave my hand,
 To prove the power of this enchanting wand.

[*She waves her wand.*]

First Entry. A husbandman, his wife, and family.

She. How soft is the scene !

The woodlands how green !

What charms in the nightingale's lay !

He. Fair peace, that now reigns

On our hills and our plains,

'Tis Peace bids all nature be gay.

CHORUS.

'Tis Peace bids all nature be gay.

She. The distaff,

He.

The plow,

Both. Shall employ our hands now,

For ourselves and our children alone.

He. Secure from the foe,

We shall reap what we sow :

And the year, the whole year, is our own !

CHORUS.

And the year, the whole year, is our own.

[*She waves her wand.*]

Second Entry. A Shepherd, and Shepherdess.

[*They run into each other's arms.*]

She.

She. If to meet is all this pleasure,
Sure, to part was killing pain !

Both. Yes, to part was killing pain !

He. If 'twas grief to lose our treasure,
How transporting to regain !

Both. O 'tis transport to regain !

He. Thus possessing——

She. Every blessing
Crowns the maid——

He. And crowns her swain.

Both. Crowns the happy maid and swain !

[*She waves her wand.*]

Third Entry. Two Soldiers sing.

First. We have fought ; we have conquer'd : and En-
gland, once more,

Shall flourish in fame, as she flourish'd before.

Our fears are all fled, with our enemies slain :

* Could they rise up anew——

Second. We would slay them again.

His monarch to serve, or to do himself right,

No Englishmen yet ever flinch'd from the fight.

For why, neighbours all, we are free as the King :

* 'Tis this makes us brave——

First. And 'tis this makes us sing.

Our prince too, for this, will be thankful to fate——

It is, in our freedom, he finds himself great !

No force can be wanting, nor meaner court-arts :

* He is master of all——

* The verses mark'd with an asterisk to be sung a second time by both

Second.

Second. Who will reign in our hearts !
Should rebels within, or should foes from without,
Bring the crown on his head, or his honour in doubt;
We are ready——

First. Still ready—and boldly foretell,
* That conquest shall ever with liberty dwell !

Second. But now, bring us forth, as the crown of our
labour,
Much wine and good chear——

First. With the pipe and the tabor ;
Let our nymphs all be kind, and our shepherds be gay :
For England, Old England, is happy, to-day.

CHORUS.

Let our nymphs all be kind, and our shepherds be gay :
For England, Old England, is happy, to-day !

EPILOGUE TO THE

ADELPHI OF TERENCE.

ACTED BY THE CHARTER - HOUSE SCHOLARS, 1753.

SPOKEN BY —— EYRE, IN THE CHARACTER OF THE
FIDICINA.

[The curtain falling.]

THE curtain falls—but hold—our modern vogue
Requires—to close the whole—an epilogue ——
A thing unknown at Rome in Terence days :
A simple—*plaudite*, secur'd his plays ;

And

And would do now before this judging pit,
 If learned Roscius spoke what Terence writ.
 But, as the case is alter'd—here I come,
 To learn the actors', not the poet's doom.

Boys as we are—you will not sure demand
 That the nice colouring of this master-hand
 Our infant art should reach :—Our noblest view
 Is but to draw the gen'ral outlines true.

If then our *Mitio* breathes with tender art,
 Each soft emotion of a feeling heart :
 If *Demea*, stern with magisterial air,
 Knits the rough brow, and lifts the voice severe :

If gallant *Æschinus* has had the luck,
 To prove himself a true Athenian—buck :
 While his grave brother's sober footsteps move

In the contracted sphere of constant love :
 Candour will cast a veil on judgment's eye,
 And pass the lesser faults unheeded by.

This for ourselves—You ladies there, I know it,
 Will make some shrewd reflections—on our poet ;
 His women !—Lord !—they're very strange, I swear ;
 What modest—simp'ring—silent things they are !

Our sex in ev'ry age the men agree :

Were chiefly fam'd for—taciturnity :

Yet sure the creature must be in the wrong,
 To give them such a monstrous—dearth of tongue.

They might have had a little more to say ;

A little more—would scarce have been *outrée*.

'Tis sure—But do not, therefore, damn our play.

'Tis true, the bard had parents most in view ;

Yet, surely, 'twill hold good of husbands too.

Thro'

Thro' life's fair voyage he bids them gently steer :
 Neither be too remiss, nor too severe.
 When truth not passion vindicates their sway,
 The stubborn yield—the milder pleas'd obey.
 Ingenuous tempers cannot brook controul :
 Love gently binds, yet strongly leads, the soul:

EPILOGUE TO

PHILOCLEA:

SPOKEN BY MRS. BLAND.

I Shou'd not dare appear again before ye,
 Who judge, perhaps, too hardly of my story,
 Did not th' excuse flow ready to my tongue,
 My spouse was old, and my gallant was young—
 Besides, 'twere hard to forfeit reputation,
 For entertaining a mere inclination.
 In Britain, I am sure, 'tis past all doubt,
 We are all virtuous, till we're first found out :
 Nor have our learned doctors e'er decreed
 To take the bare intention for the deed.
 My honour then is safe, beyond denial,
 For it was never—fairly put to trial.

And yet of my gallant I'd gladly know,
 Whether he meant to keep his word, or no.
 Let each young spark suppose him in his place,
 Wou'd he have shunn'd an am'rous queen's embrace ?

Then,

Then, Oh ! restrain your laughter, if you can,
 To think of placing chastity in man !—
 Where was this grave romantic poet born ?——
 He's not an Irishman, I dare be sworn.

Then to be lock'd up in a country place,
 Where no male friend cou'd dare to shew his face.—
 Ah ! ladies ! were you serv'd so by your spouses,
 You'd soon set fire to all their country houses.

If such Arcadia was, you'll freely own,
 We have more soft retreats for love at home.
 Here 'tis enough our eyes reveal the fire,
 And the charm'd object kindles with desire.
 Our smart young bloods know how to treat a lady,
 Not like the bashful lovers of Arcadia.

And yet our bard—a very sober youth,
 Bid me conclude with this too serious truth :
 There's still this moral in my breach of duty,
 That age should never match with youthful beauty.

EPILOGUE TO

A P P I U S.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BELLAMY.

I Told the bard (ay, yonder he stands quaking,
 Alas ! poor soul, he's in a piteous taking !)
 I hope, Sir, you'll excuse what I shall say :
 But truly, Sir, I tremble for your play.

VOL. IV.

I

There's

There's a wild greatness in the plot, I own :—
 But then, I doubt, it may displease the town.—
 “ The town (reply'd our author) disapprove
 “ A plot that's built on liberty and love ?
 “ Is not the fav'rite character a woman ?
 “ The moral chaste and pure ? The subject Roman ? ”
 Roman, indeed !—I hope such heath'nish nonsense
 Will ne'er infect an honest christian conscience.—
 The story may (for aught I know) be true ;
 But here no tale improbable will do.
 What, rather perish by untimely fate,
 Than smile upon a princely magistrate !
 So rash, he could not reign another year ;
 So rich, she might have had ten-thousand clear ?
 And then what wise plebian wou'd decline
 A match with the *Decemvir's* concubine ?—
 “ How (says a critic) quit her faithful lover,
 “ Young, handsome, brave, for such a wicked rover ?
 “ For one—(a thousand other faults combining)—
 “ That now was to the vale of years declining ? ”—
 So then, had Appius been but five-and-twenty,
 The maid, perhaps, would not have prov'd so dainty.—
 Icilius vow'd indeed, and promis'd well :
 But where was he, when his Virginia fell ?
 He should have screen'd from death his blooming bride ;
 Or dy'd, like a true lover, by her side.—
 Virginia's death he never could survive ;
 But that he was, in duty, bound to live.—
 He liv'd then, to dissolve his country's chain ;
 Avenge his mistress, and ————make love again.

Then

Then for the grim old fire, with phrensy wild,
 To be the butcher of his only child !——
 True, 'twas the virgin daughter's choice to die,
 Rather than bear to live with infamy.
 This must be Roman, English, or romance :
 Such virtue would not be believ'd in France.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE TO

A P P I U S.

PLACE ancient Rome and Britain in the scale :——

Which would, for solid liberty, prevail ?——

Come, let us fairly poise them, if you please ;

'Twill furnish out an epilogue with ease.

Here too the critics will, perhaps, admit,

That such a sort of epilogue is fit,

To such a Roman subject tack'd ;—at least,

Is fitter than a wanton ill-tim'd jest.——

While Rome the sweets of her republic felt,

Within her walls a manly freedom dwelt.

Of virtue, freedom is the source and food :

Her son's were valiant, and their morals good.

Weak in its texture, but in virtue strong ;

'Twas thus that her republic lasted long.

From what else could (conceive it as we list)

Such a frail form of government subsist ?

Soon as the race of royalty was run,

A wild licentious anarchy begun :

Deep were the roots of discord and debate ;
 For Rome was split into a double state :
 This way the senate, that the people drove ;
 The rich and few with needy numbers strove ;
 While equal pow'rs their adverse leaders crown'd,
 Without a prince, to cast the balance, found.—
 Dire was the strife ; nor otherwise appeas'd,
 Than as the virtue of the victors pleas'd.
 In Rome, when ancient virtue ceas'd to dwell,
 Forthwith the frame of her republic fell.
 The last great champions of her rights ill-sped ;
 And freedom, with the love of country, fled.—
 Be this truth grav'd on her republic's tomb :
 It bore the viper ruin in its womb :

Not so with Britain's kingly common-wealth ;
 Her source is wisdom, and her basis health.
 Firm as a rock the noble system stands,
 Fashion'd by time and reason's skilful hands.—
 With liberty, not less than Rome, inspir'd,
 By the same sparks of human discord fir'd,
 In one well-jointed state, of form compleat,
 Commons and peers, pois'd by the sceptre, meet.—

Mighty the monarch's pow'r on Britain's throne,
 As much as heav'n and nature meant to one ;
 He, strong to bless his people, and to save,
 Only wants pow'r to ruin and enslave.—
 Princes, vain is the pride, the pleasure low,
 Which from an abject servile homage flow.
 Would ye grow truly great ? Look here, and then,
 Like Britain's monarch, be the kings of men.

Instead

Instead of forging foreign fetters, deign
 To free your subjects, and by reason reign—
 How great, how godlike is the king ! how blest'd,
 Who stands the shield of liberty confess'd !
 Whom princely merit, mercy, justice crown ;
 Who deems the public happiness his own ;
 The widow-making sword who never draws,
 Except for freedom and in Europe's cause !
 Him hail, ye Britons. Hail him ev'ry land,
 Which feels the prop of his imperial hand.
 Be this the nation's and the muse's song :
 Live George, the father of his people, long.

**EPILOGUE TO THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

ACTED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5, 1752.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MIDDLESEX-HOSPITAL.

WRITTEN BY C. SMART, M. A. AND SPOKEN BY

MR. SHUTER, IN THE CHARACTER OF A

MAN - MIDWIFE.

[*Enters with a child.*

W HOE'ER begot thee has no cause to blush :
Thou'rt a brave chopping boy ! [*Child cries.*] Nay, hush,
hush, hush.

A workman, faith ! a man of rare discretion,

A friend to Britain, and to our profession ;

With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,
O rare roast beef of England—here's a lad!

[*Shows him to the company.*]

[*Child cries again.*]

Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurse. Within, here, take him off.

Well heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the bar, the army, and the stage;
The nation prospers by such joyous souls,
Hence smoaks my table, hence my chariot rolls.

Tho' some snug jobs from surgery may spring,
Man-midwifry, man-midwifry's the thing.

Lean should I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
By mere cathartics and by plain phlebotomy.

Well, besides gain, besides the power to please,
Besides the music [*Shakes a purse*] of such birds as these,

It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
To hear the praises of the grateful poor.

This day comes honest Taffy to my house,
' Cot pless hur, hur has sav'd her poy and spouse,
' Hur sav'd my Gwinnifrid, or death had swallow'd hur,
' Tho' creat-crand-creat-crand-crand child of Cadwalla-
dor.'

Cries Patrick Touzll'em, ' I am bound to pray,
' You've sav'd my Sue in your fame phyfic way,
' And further shall I thank you, yesterday.'

Then Sawney came, and thank'd me for my love,
(I very readily excus'd his glove)

He blest'd the mon e'en by St. Andrew's cross,
' Who cur'd his bonny bearn and blithsome lass.'

But,

But, merriment and mimicry apart,
 Thanks to each bounteous hand, and gen'rous heart,
 Of those who tenderly take pity's part ;
 Who in good-natur'd acts can sweetly grieve,
 Swift to lament, but swifter to relieve.
 Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of heav'n,
 Who raise, and beautify, the bounty giv'n ;
 But chief to him,* in whom distress confides,
 Who o'er this noble plan so gloriously presides.

EPILOGUE TO THE

A P P R E N T I C E.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

[Enters reading the Play-bill.]

A VERY pretty bill,—as I'm alive !
 The part of—nobody---by Mrs. Clive !
 A paltry, scribbling fool---to leave me out——
 He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not spout.
 Malice and envy to the last degree !
 And why ?---I wrote a farce as well as he.
 And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
 Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade ;
 O pit—have pity—see how I'm dismay'd !
 Poor soul—this canting stuff will never do,
 Unless like Bayes he brings his hangman too.

* The Earl of Northumberland.

But granting that, from these same obsequies,
 Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
 Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
 As *Pallas* turns to feast—*Lardella's* bier;
 Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
 T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me to
 laugh.

I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
 A spouting junto of the female kind.

There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
 Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for shew,
 Who, when in rage, she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
 Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!—thinks she's more than
 Zara.

She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
 And sings—O Ponder well—and Chevy chase,
 And fain would fill the fair *Ophelia's* place.
 And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet,
 Prefumes on something—touching the Lord Hamlet.
 A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
 With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
 Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
 Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory.
 And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
 Cries—"Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home!"
 In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
 The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
 The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
 Oh! little do those silly people know,
 What dreadful trials—actors undergo.

Myself

Myself—who most in harmony delight,
 Am scolding here from morning until night.
 Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
 Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
 Young men, beware and shun our slippery ways,
 Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
 And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
 Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
 Be timely wise, for Oh! be sure of this;—
 A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

EPILOGUE TO

THE REPRISAL.

SPOKEN BY MISS MACKLIN.

AYE—now I can with pleasure look around,
 Safe as I am, thank heav'n, on English ground.—
 In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
 'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay:
 Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
 Might damp the heart of any virgin-pullet—
 I dread to think what might have come to pass,
 Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass—
 By Champignon a wretched victim led
 To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed.
 My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
 As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.

His

His gallantry so confident and eager,
 Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup—meagre,
 To bootless lodgings I had fall'n a martyr ;
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.

Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree ;
 Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea ?
 Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
 Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.—
 Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder ;
 In his first cruise 'twere pity he should founder.

[To the gallery.]

Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
 Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below.

[To the pit.]

The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
 Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
 Our bard embarks in a more christian cause,
 He craves not mercy ; but he claims applause.
 His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
 Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
 Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
 Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
 But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[Looking round the house.]

And hollow groans portend the approaching storm :
 Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,

[To the gallery.]

And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble,

[To the pit.]

He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

EPILOGUE TO THE
HEAUTONTI-MORUMENOS, OF TERENCE.

ACTED BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF BEVERLEY
SCHOOL, 1756.

SPOKEN BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO PLAY'D SYRUS.

AND can it be ?—Sure they have all mistook !
Why, Sirs, they say I have a begging look.
So by the joint opinion 'tis decreed,
That I for their defects shall intercede.
But how ?—Let me consider—save their credit—
A hard commission : in good truth I dread it.
Yet something mighty handsome should be said,
Would my good genius put it in my head :
Or mistress, what-d'ye-call her, who disdains
Our northern gentlemen, for want of brains ;
And want of brains, in a fair lady's sense,
Must mean, no doubt, the want of confidence.
The reason why ? I'd tell it if I durst ;
A lady should be spar'd the pain of speaking first :
And so the honest gentlemen would think,
But for their dogs, their horses, and their drink.
Why then let me take courage, nor disgrace
My country and my cause, for want of face.

And, ladies, if my author tells me right,
A comedy far-fetch'd you've seen, to-night :
And far-fetch'd things are you-know-who's delight.
Latin indeed the language ; but the piece
Is the production of inventive Greece ;

Menander,

Menander, as authentic records shew,
 Compos'd it full two-thousand years ago.
 Pity the Greek is lost ! the learned cry :
 But, by the learned's leave, not so think I,
 Had we th' original, sure as I say it,
 Our master in the Greek would make us play it.

Well, such strange notions does he entertain !
 Those Grecian writers must have turn'd his brain.
 Did we observe his whimsical commands,
 The ancients would be always in our hands.
 'Tis very kindly meant, we thank him for't,
 But we can find ourselves much better sport.
 Durst I but freely talk to him, I'd say,
 You scholars, Sir, may like the present play.
 But since Menander's times, Sir, such a change !
 His characters, indeed, appear but strange.

Your fav'rite Chremes—why, in real life,
 Does any man as he does, scold his wife ?
 'Tis just the contrary, as I am told,
 The wives, Sir, now-a-days, their husbands scold.

Then Menedemus—Nay, Sir, boast no more
 The wond'rous wisdom of those days of yore :
 Torment himself ! - In our days all the pother,
 Is only who shall most torment each other.

What have I said ? Indeed, Sirs, I repent it ;
 The doctors and the lawyers may resent it ;
 Patients and clients never are tormented.

The character of Bacchis—A mistake :
 No modern poet e'er the like could make.
 What ? Live in splendor with lost reputation !
 When did the present age ev'n hear of such a fashion ?

The

The lovers next—ladies, would you declare
Which you prefer of the accomplish'd pair.
Brisk Clitipho, impatient, hurrying, flying—
Soft Clinia, doubting, fearing, trembling, sighing—
Thus, far, perhaps, the characters might do:

But Clitipho is gen'rous, Clinia true.

O yes ! O yes ! if any fair one finds

Like qualities in modern lovers minds,

Let her appear in court and testify it :

Ah ! gentlemen, you see they all deny it.

But sure Antiphila may justly claim

The lasting ardors of the purest flame.

' Industrious, prudent, constant, tender, chaste,

' Her wish, her hope, her soul on Clinia plac'd ;

' In modest guise of unassuming charms,

' Blessing and blest, she meets his eager arms.'

Industrious---What? a beauty mean to praise,

And call her housewife ! strange old-fashion'd days !

Her household what fine lady now regards ?

In ancient times, indeed, there were no cards.

Besides ; the fortune ; (both sides now consider

Fortune to fixpence e'er they come together)

'Tis but two talents, which, by just account,

To pounds three-hundred eighty-eight amount,

Except ten shillings and three farthings short :

Alas, poor girl ! indeed I'm sorry for't ;

Since, gentlemen, with you so oddly founds

A woman's worth in any thing but pounds.

Then Syrus---but each fleering shoulder-knot

Sees in this character th' egregious blot.

Are

Are his like any modern servant's feats?
 'Tis for his master, not himself he cheats.
 Yet, brothers, still his sauciness and lying,
 And pimping too, may be a little edifying.
 So, so, it touches! Nay, no anger: Come,
 Lights, ho! The footmen, quick! attend your ladies
 home.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, AT THE
 CONCLUSION OF THE DISQUISITION* IN
 THE HAYMARKET.

'T WAS in my roost of eminence, that lies
 Poetically station'd next the skies,
 Disturb'd I rose, one solitary night,
 When *half a buckle* 'woke the flint, to light:
 Brimful of cogitation and of care,
 I threw myself upon my *three-legg'd chair*——
 My *broken-delpb* in tawdry order plac'd——
 My cannister with well-wrote Hyson grac'd——
 My bottle fraught with half a gill---no more!
 Wafting the shipwreck'd cork from shore to shore.

Thus did I sit, until the morning sun,
 And then my sad soliloquy begun:
 ' When shall my landlord stop th' eternal score,
 ' And when shall tradesmen learn to dun no more?

* Set up to burlesque Macklin's inquisition.

• Inexorable.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS,

In the Character of a POET. — EPILOGUE to the DISQUISITION.



*"Propitious hear thy Notary in distress,
"O make his troubles or sensations less!"*

GEORGE WASHINGTON STEVENS

For the purpose of the present investigation, the following data were obtained from the literature:



It would be difficult to determine the
significance of this story in the
context of the book.

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- ' Inexorable churls, that genius baulk,
 - ' O wou'd you use your sponge instead of chalk !
 - ' Pallas ! by Jove, immortal Jove begot —
 - ' Pallas ! thou goddess of—I know not what ;
 - ' Propitious hear thy vot'ry in distress,
 - ' O make his troubles or sensations less !
 - ' So shall thy suppliant slave to wisdom kneel,
 - ' Nor figh with Venus, nor with Bacchus reel.'
- Minerva came, descending in her car,
 Came to my garret, therefore not from far.
- ' Invok'st thou me ?' the frowning goddess cries,
 - ' Wisdom's a dupe ; 'tis folly to be wise :
 - ' Let brazier Henley fortify thy face ;
 - ' Let Smatter* lend each monkey-like grimace.
 - ' Mimic—that gives each signal fool his due,
 - ' At once his echo and his shadow too.
 - ' From Macklin learn the myst'ry of explaining,
 - ' And play at blind-man's buff with Shakespeare's meaning.
 - ' Next member of the Robinhood commence,
 - ' And list a rebel against common sense.—
 - ' This done, depart, and call for me, no more—
 - ' The rest is O rare ! bravo ! and Encore.'

* Foote.

AN OCCASSIONAL EPILOGUE TO THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SPOKEN BY MR. LAUDER, AT THE NEW THEATRE IN
THE HAY-MARKET, FOR HIS BENEFIT,

RAIS'D by your favour, from the barren shade,
Where orphan genius blossoms but to fade,
I come — the grateful bankrupt of the day,
With bootless thanks your bounty to repay.
Untaught, unpractis'd, strangers to the stage,
We scarce could hope to please this polish'd age;
And tho' you candidly have deign'd to smile
On these our rustic scenes and aukward toil,
From your applause no merit dare we claim;
You saw our weakness, but approv'd our aim.
And if our simple swains could aught impart,
To sooth the fancy, or to warm the heart;
Not us, but nature wing'd th' unerring dart.
In ev'ry page, she, pow'rful goddess! reigns:
Hers are the manners, sentiments, and strains;
Strains, sweet as ever flow'd in Doric song,
When the muse wanton'd 'midst the Arcadian throng.
You own their beauty, tho' by us impair'd,
Th' imperfect echoes of the heav'n-taught bard:
You felt the soul to soft emotions wake;
And spar'd the actor, for the author's sake.

EPILOGUES.

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So patroniz'd, the graces of the plain,
With love, and truth, and music in their train,
Will hail the dawn of more propitious fate,
And gladly on your hours of pleasure wait;
While we, nor dead to praise, nor lost to shame,
May catch some portion of th' *ethereal flame*.

EPILOGUE TO

CONSTANTINE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BELLAMY.

WELL! you expect—so says the taste in vogue—
To these sad scenes, a laughing epilogue!
But I'm untaught in every comic grace,
Wit's bolder mirth, or humour's various face;
Nor shall I dare, with your lov'd mimic art,
Take off the cit, the beau, the blood, the smart.
Shall I the dear coquet's sweet trifling try?
Pish!—as I live—be quiet—let me die——
Then melt a look, deliciously explaining
The double—no, good faith!—the single meaning.

As for your play—methinks, this tragic plot
Might furnish precious hints for you know what.
'To leave an empress, tho' so wond'rous chaste,
With a young lover—two full hours at least——
In our frail times, this dangerous *tête à tête*——
In the first act—had made the play complete.

And then the moral—ye, whose happy lives,
Are blest'd with rare discretion—in your wives;

When trifles, light as air, shall turn your heads,
 Ah ! shun that naughty trick—of sep'rate beds ;
 Besides the midnight—reconciling billing,
 Ah ! think how near was Constantine to killing.
 But hush ! our bard——
 If he should hear us laughing, won't he say,
 Your flippant mirth, good Ma'am, may damn my play.
 Then, for my sake—but I'm in such a fright ——
 Well—I'll give out the play—for *Monday night*.

EPILOGUE TO

C R E U S A.

SPOKEN BY MISS HAUGHTON.

AT length I'm freed from tragical parade,
 No more a *Pythian* priestess, tho' a maid ;
 At once resigning, with my sacred dwelling,
 My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.
 Yet superstitious folks, no doubt, are here,
 Who still regard me with a kind of fear,
 Lest to their secret thoughts these prying eyes
 Should boldly pass, and take them by surprise.
 Nay, tho' I disavow the whole deceit,
 And fairly own my science all a cheat,
 Should I declare, in spite of ears and eyes,
 That beaux were handsome, or the critics wife,
 They'd all believe it, and, with dear delight,
 Say, to themselves, at least,
 " The girl has taste ;"—" the woman's in the right."

Or,

Or, should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,
 They'd get good matches, ere the season clos'd,
 They'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,
 And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;
 But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,
 " Suppose there should be something in her art."
 Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,
 On such a motion, and by such a day,
 They would be summon'd from their own affairs,
 To 'tend the nation's more important cares;
 " Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,
 " I'll undergo it—for my country's good."

All men are bubbles, in a skilful hand,
 The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.
 Whether we praise, foretell, persuade, advise,
 'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wise.
 The devil without may spread the tempting sin,
 But sure the conqueror is—the devil within.

A SECOND EPILOGUE TO

T H E S A M E.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD.

STAY, ladies—tho' I'm almost tir'd to death,
 With this long part—and am so out of breath—
 Yet such a lucky thought kind Heav'n has sent,
 That, if I die for't, I must give it vent.

The men, you know, are gone. And now, suppose
 Before our lords and masters are re-chose,
 We take sh' advantage of an empty town,
 And chuse a house of commons of our own.
 What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and then,
 Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?
 Oh! place us once in good St. Stephen's pews,
 We'll shew them women have their public use.
Imprimis, they shall marry; not a man,
 Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain:
 Next, we'll in earnest set about reclaiming;
 For, by my life and soul, we'll put down gaming.
 We'll spoil their deep destructive midnight play;
 The laws we make, we'll force them to obey;
 Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,
 Piddle with us, ye know, at *quinze* and *brag*.
 "I hope, my dearest," says some well-bred spouse,
 "When such a bill shall come before your house,
 "That you'll consider men are men—at least
 "That you'll not speak, my dear."—Not speak?—the
 beast!

What, would you wound my honour?—Wrongs like these—
 For this, Sir, I shall bring you on your knees. —
 Or, if we're quite good-natur'd, tell the man
 We'll do him all the service that we can.

Then, for ourselves, what projects, what designs!
 We'll tax and double tax, their nasty wines;
 But duty free import our blonds and laces,
French hoops, *French* silks, *French* cambricks, and—*French*
 faces.

In

In short, my scheme is not compleated quite ;
 But I may tell you more another night.
 So, come again, come all, and let us raise
 Such glorious trophies to our country's praise,
 That all true *Britons* shall, with one consent,
 Cry out, "Long live the female parliament!"

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. HALLAM, AT THE OPENING OF A NEW
 THEATRE AT PHILADELPHIA, BY A COMPANY OF
 COMEDIANS FROM LONDON, APRIL 15, 1754.

MUCH has been said, in this reforming age,
 To damn in gross the business of the stage,
 Some, for this end, in terms not quite so civil,
 Have giv'n both plays and players to the devil.
 With red-hot zeal, in dreadful pomp they come,
 And bring their flaming tenets warm from *Rome*;
 Fathers and councils, hermits from their cell,
 Are brought to prove this is the road to hell.
 To me, who am, I own, but a weak woman,
 This way to reformation seems uncommon.
 If these authorities are good, we hope
 To gain a full indulgence from the Pope ;
 We too will fly to holy mother church,
 And leave these sage reformers in the lurch.

But to be serious—now let's try the cause,
 By truth and reason's most impartial laws.

The

The play just finish'd, prejudice apart,
 Let honest nature speak—How feels the heart?
 Did it not throb? Then tell it to our foes,
 To mourn the parent, friend, and husband's woes,
 Whilst at the cause of all a noble indignation rose.
 If then the soul, in virtue's cause we move,
 Why should the friends of virtue disapprove?
 We trust they do not, by this splendid fight
 Of sparkling eyes, that grace our scene, to-night.
 Then smile, ye fair, propitious on the cause,
 And ev'ry gen'rous heart shall beat applause.

EPILOGUE TO THE

G. A M E S T E R S.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

MY conduct now will ev'ry mind employ,
 And all my friends, I'm sure, will wish me joy:
 'Tis joy indeed, and fairly worth the cost,
 To've gain'd the wand'ring heart I once had lost.
 Hold, says the prudish dame, with scornful sneer,
 I must, sweet Madam, stop your high career;
 Where was your pride, your decency, your sense,
 To keep your husband in that strange suspense?
 For my part, I abominate these scenes——
 No ends compensate for such odious means:
 To me, I'm sure—but 'tis not fit to utter——
 The very thought has put me in a flutter!

Odious!

Odious ! says Miss, of quick and forward parts ;
 Had she done more, she'd given him his deserts :
 O, had the wretch been but a spark of mine,
 By Jove, I should have paid him in his coin.

Another critic ventures to declare,
 She thinks that cousin Pen has gone too far :
 Nay, surely, she has play'd a gen'rous part ;
 A fair dissembler, with an honest heart !
 Would any courtly dame, in such a case,
 Solicit, get, and then resign, the place ?
 She knew, good girl, my husband's reformation
 Was (what you'll scarce believe) my only passion :
 And, when your scheme is good, and smart, and clever,
 Cousins have been convenient persons ever.
 With all your wisdom, Madam, cries a wit,
 Had Pen been false, you had been fairly bit :
 'Twas dangerous, sure, to tempt her youth with sin ;
 The knowing-ones are often taken in ;
 The truly good ne'er treat with indignation,
 A natural, unaffected, gen'rous passion ;
 But, with an open liberal praise, commend
 Those means which gain'd the honourable end.

Ye beauteous happy fair, who know to bless,
 Warm'd by a mutual flame, this truth confess,
 That, should we every various pleasure prove,
 There's nothing like the heart of him we love.

EPILOGUE TO

A G I S.

A King, in bloom of youth, for freedom die !
 Our bard, tho' bold, durst not have soar'd so high.
 This is no credulous admiring age ;
 But sacred sure the faith of Plutarch's page.
 In simple stile that ancient sage relates
 The tale of Sparta, chief of Grecian states :
 Eight hundred years it flourish'd, great in arms,
 On dangers rose, and grew amidst alarms.
 Of Sparta's triumph you have heard the cause,
 More strong, more noble, than Lycurgus' laws :
 How Spartan dames, by glory's charms inspir'd,
 The son, the lover, and the husband fir'd.
 Ye fair of Britain's isle, which justly claims
 The Grecian title, land of lovely dames,
 In Britain's cause exert your matchless charms,
 And rouse your lovers to the love of arms.
 Hid, not extinct, the spark of valour lies ;
 Your breath shall raise it flaming to the skies.
 Now Mars his bloody banner hangs in air,
 And bids Britannia's sons for war prepare :
 Let each lov'd maid, each mother, bring the shield,
 And arm their country's champions for the field.
 Arm'd and inflam'd, each British breast shall burn,
 No youth unlaurell'd shall to you return.

Then

Then shall we cease t' exult at trophies won,
 In glory's field, by heroes — not our own.
 France yet shall tremble at the British sword,
 And dread the vengeance of her ancient lord.

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN BY MR. SHUTER, IN THE
 CHARACTER OF A SCHOOLMASTER, WITH A
 ROD IN HIS HAND.

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane;
 When poets write, and parsons preach in vain;
 When satire's sting, and moral precepts fail,
 Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
 Behold a schoolmaster — *Ticklebreech* by name,
 Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
 To lash those foibles now so common grown,
 And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
 This magic rod, though nought but simple wood,
 With wonders (strange to mention!) is endu'd;
 If to that part of man we all deride,
 'Tis rightly handled, and with skill apply'd,
 'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
 The doctor save the patient he would kill;
 The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
 Who toils and sweats and bends beneath the weight,
 Of places, pensions, sine-cures, and fees,
 At the first stroke will find immediate ease;

With

With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
 And at the helm take *Honour* for his guide;
 Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
 And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe:
 The modern *Bobadil*, who in taverns boasts,
 The feats he did when on proud *Gallia's* coasts,
 How twenty *Frenchmen* at a time he slew,
 "Twenty more—kill 'em—twenty more—kill them too!"
 When in the field his looks his fears betray,
 And his own shadow makes him run away;
 But if the force of this same twig he feels,
 His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
 Mount to the heart, his martial bosom warm,
 And, like brave *Prussia*, the whole world alarm.

Next, to the male-coquet I mean to speak,
 Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are weak;
 Who, like that curious mask which *Æsop* feigns,
 The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
 Who plies his glass, and, grinning, cries, "Sir Peter,
 "There's a fine girl; Gad's curse! a charming creature!
 "What eyes, what lips! and then her shape and gait!
 "She must be mine, 'egad, at any rate."
 This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
 I do assure him ne'er was known to fail;
 He'll own its charms surpass his salts and drops;
 For into men it changes fools and fops;
 Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more,
 All which, I'm sure, they never did before.

In good Queen *Bess's* happy golden reign,
 The *British* fair their virtues did maintain;

But,

But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection !

The sex is now so bad to want correction——

But hold, methinks, from yonder box I hear

My Lady Dainty thus expresses her fear :

“ Lard ! sure the filthy fellow does not mean

“ To turn us up ; he won’t be so obscene :

“ I’ll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,

“ How he dares suffer this rude *Ticklebreech* —— ”

Ladies, be calm, this needless rage suspend,

And take good counsel, as from friend to friend :

If you would shun acquaintance with the birch,

Shun cards on sabbath-day, and go to church ;

This vicious appetite no longer feed,

Be virtuous all, be *British* dames indeed.

And now, my pupils, what you’ve learnt this night,

Go teach to others, and you’ll then do right ;

Be you to them the same indulgent tutor,

And come next year to see your friend, *Ned Shuter*.

EPILOGUE TO

TERENCE'S ANDRIAN.

SPOKEN BY MASTER COATES, IN THE CHARACTER OF

MYRIS.

TIS kind, ye fair, thus patiently to wait,
 Where we, I fear, no pleasure can create,
 To view unpolish'd actors, and to hear
 A language foreign to your nicer ear.
 But see how Cupid reigns in every breast,
 In ev'ry language is his force confest;
 He warms the frozen hearts of *Lapland's* sons;
 His fair-one's scorn, the swarthy *Indian* moans;
 To no one region is his force confin'd,
 He rules invincibly in ev'ry mind.
 O! were our *Conscious Lovers* free from stain,
 Was *Terence* chaste as *Steele* throughout his plan;
 Had *Glycerie*, helpless, destitute, oppress'd,
 With *Indiana's* virtue warm'd your breast;
 And *Pam*, like *Bevil*, constant, generous, kind,
 Banish'd forbidden pleasures from his mind;

* This epilogue was address'd to the ladies at a rehearsal of the above piece; which was afterwards performed by the young gentlemen of the grammar school at Reading, before the Vice Chancellor of Oxford and the other visitors of that school, the members for the county, and a numerous and polite audience, on Wednesday, October 18, 1758.

Each

Each scene the tender sex must pleas'd attend,

"To Virtue only and her friends a friend."

When *Pam* the dangerous stage of life shall tread,
And court your smiles, or your resentment dread,
Fairer in your esteem we hope he'll stand,
And though with *Latin* freely at command,
Will speak a language that you'll understand.

EPILOGUE TO THE
ALBION QUEENS,

SPOKEN BY JO. HAINES.

WHO could have ever thought to have seen me
Tack'd to the end of a deep tragedy?
They might as well have dress'd me out to dance,
Or sent me an ambassador to France.
Yet I am forc'd to come; for, say my masters,
Your phyzz will bring us off from all disasters.
Now, you must know, I thought a beau might be
A better suppliant for a tragedy;
His pretty face, his dimple, and his smile,
Might many tender ladies' hearts beguile.
But, *volens volens*, Pricky must appear;
And—what am I to say, now I'm come here?
Oh! I'm to tell you what the players say,
Unless you kindly do receive this play,
There's above half of them will lose their pay.
Nay, more, the poet too will lose his gains,
Unless you're pleas'd to smile upon *Count Haines*.

Let me not sue in vain, you shining sphere,
 Nor you, my pit-friends, that to me are dear;
 My middle-gallery friends will sure assist me,
 And for the upper-tier, they never miss'd me.
 Then let your hearty wishes all be shewn,
 To give the Albion queens their just renown.

EPILOGUE TO

THE REHEARSAL.

THE play is at an end; but where's the plot?
 That circumstance our poet *Bayes* forgot.
 And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting age,
 No place is freer from it, than the stage.
 The ancients plotted, though, and strove to please,
 With sense that might be understood with ease:
 They every scene with so much wit did store,
 That who brought any in, went out with more.
 But this new way of wit does so surprise,
 Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lies.
 If it be true, that monstrous births presage
 The following mischiefs that afflict the age,
 And sad disasters to the state proclaim,
 Plays without head or tail may do the same.
 Wherefore for ours, and for the kingdom's peace,
 May this prodigious way of writing cease.
 Let's have at least once in our lives a time,
 When we may hear some reason, not all rhyme.
 We have these ten years felt its influence;
 Pray let this prove a year of prose and sense.

EPILOGUE TO THE
JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

LADIES! I've had a squabble with the poet—
About his characters—and you shall you know it.
Young man, said I, restrain your saucy satire!
My part's ridiculous—false---out of nature.
Fine draughts, indeed, of ladies! sure you hate 'em!
Why, Sir! my part is *scandalum magnatum*.

Lord ma'm, said he, to copy life my trade is,
And poets ever have made free with ladies:
Old Simon—the deuce take such names as these!—
A hard Greek name---O---ay---*Simonides*—
He shew'd---our freaks, this whim, and that desire,
Rose first from earth, sea, air, nay, some from fire;
Or that we owe our persons, minds, and features,
To birds, forsooth, or filthy four-legg'd creatures.

The dame, of manners various, temper fickle,
Now all for pleasure, now the conventicle!
Who prays, then raves, now calm, now all commotion.
Rises, another Venus, from the ocean.

Constant at every sale, the curious fair,
Who longs for Dresden, and old China ware;
Who doats on pagods, and gives up vile man,
For niddle-noddle figures from Japan.
Critic in jars and Josses, shews her birth
Drawn, like the brittle ware itself, from earth.

The flaunting she, so stately, rich, and vain;
 Who gains her conquests by her length of train;
 While all her vanity is under sail,
 Sweeps, a proud peacock, with a gaudy tail.

Husband and wife, with sweets ! and dears ! and loves !
 What are they, but a pair of cooing doves ?
 But seiz'd with spleen, fits, humours, and all that,
 Your dove and turtle, turn to dog and cat.

The gossip, prude, old maid, coquette, and trapes,
 Are parrots, foxes, magpies, wasps, and apes !
 But she, with ev'ry charm of form and mind,
 Oh ! she's—sweet soul ! the phoenix of her kind.
 The phoenix of her kind—upon my word,
 He's a fly wretch---Pray---is there such a bird ?
 This his apology !---'Tis rank abuse ---
 A fresh affront, instead of an excuse !
 His own sex rather such description suits :
 Why don't he draw their characters---the brutes !
 Ay, let him paint those ugly monsters, men !
 Mean time---mend we our lives---he'll mend his pen.

EPILOGUE TO THE

DISCOVERY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD.

WELL, ladies, will you patronise, or no?

Is our piece good or bad? or is't so, so?

Pray, speak your minds—ladies—with fear we wait:

Shall we retire?—Perhaps you would debate.

Can you determine when for truth you're seeking,

So great a point, without a little speaking?

Yet ere you grant our female bard protection,

Let me—a woman—make one strong objection.

What, five long acts, and not one pleasant fally,

But grave Sir Anthony's attempt to rally.

No sprightly rendezvous! no pretty fellows!

No wife intriguing, nor no husband jealous!

If to such innovations you submit,

And swallow tame morality for wit,

If such dull rules you let a woman teach,

Her next attempt, perhaps, may be to preach.

I told her (for it vex'd me to the heart)

“Madam—excuse me—I don't like my part:

'Tis out of nature—not the least high-life;

Of quality!—And such a passive wife!

Such females might have liv'd before the flood,

But now, indeed, it is not flesh and blood.

So mild a character will seem so flat!

Give me threats, tears, hysterics, and all that.

If this don't work upon my lord, I hope
 You'll so contrive the plot—I may—elope.
 For after so much barb'rous usage, sure
 You may indulge me with one small amour!
 But, if my conduct must be tame and starch,
 Season my language, make it rich and arch!"
 "My friend," she cry'd, "must I new plan the part,
 And make my pen run counter to my heart;
 Too oft has ribaldry's indecent mien,
 Trick'd out by female hands, disgrac'd the scene.
 Let me to this one merit lay my claim,
 Not to debase my sex to raise my name."

EPILOGUE TO

THE DUPE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

LADIES! methinks I hear you all complain,
 Lord! here's the talking creature come again.
 The men seem frighted—for 'tis on record,
 A prating female will have the last word!
 But you're all out; for sure as you're alive,
 Not Mrs. Friendly now, but Mrs. Clive.
 No character from fiction will I borrow;
 But, if you please, I'll talk again, to-morrow.
 Then, you conclude, from custom, long in vogue,
 That I come here to speak an epilogue,

With

With satire, humour, spirit, quite refin'd,
Double entendre, too, with wit combin'd ;
 Not for the ladies, but to please the men :
 All this you guess—and now you're out again.
 For to be brief, our author bade me say,
 She try'd—but cou'd n't get one to her play.

No epilogue ! Why, ma'am, you'll spoil your treat ;
 An epilogue's the cordial after meat ;
 For when the feast is done, without all question,
 They'll want *liqueurs*, to help them to digestion :
 And critics, when they find the banquet light,
 Will come next time with better appetite ;
 So, beg your friends to write ; for, faith, 'tis hard,
 If, 'mongst them all, you cannot find one bard.
 She took the hint—Will you, good Sir, or you Sir ?
 A sister scribbler—sure you can't refuse her ;
 Some lawyers try'd—not one cou'd make an end on't,
 They've now such work with plaintiff and defendant.

A poet try'd ; but he alledg'd for reason,
 The muses were so busy, at this season,
 In penning libels, politics, and satires,
 They had n't leifure for such trifling matters.

What's to be done, she cry'd ? Can't you endeavour
 To say some pretty thing : I know you're clever.
 I promis'd, but unable to succeed,
 Beg you'll accept the purpose for the deed.
 Tho', after three long hours in play-house coop'd,
 I fear you'll say—you've all been finely *duped*.

EPILOGUE TO

WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.

SPOKEN BY MISS ELLIOTT.

"**W**HAT we must all come to?" What? come to what?
Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
If that's the wife, deep meaning of our poet,
The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll shew it.

What could induce him in an age so nice—
So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice,
To form a plan so trivial, false, and low?
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau!
As if there were—in these thrice happy days,
One who from nature, or from reason strays!
There's no cross husband now; no wrangling wife,
The man is downright ignorant of life.

'Tis the Millenium this—devoid of guile,
Fair gentle Truth, and white-rob'd Candour smile.
From every breast the fordid love of gold,
Is banish'd quite—no boroughs now are sold!
Pray tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I vow)
Pray—is there such a thing as gaming now?
Do peers make laws against that giant vice,
And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?
No—no—we are virtuous all, austere and hard;
Pray, ladies, do you ever see a card?

These

Those empty boxes shew you don't love plays ;
 The managers get nothing now-a-days.
 If here you come — by chance — but once a week,
 The pit can witness that you never speak :
 Pensive Attention sits with decent mien ;
 No paint, no naked shoulders to be seen !

And yet this grave, this moral, pious age,
 May learn one useful lesson from the stage.
 Shun strife, ye fair, and once a contest o'er,
 Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more —
 From fierce debate fly all the tender loves,
 And Venus cries, “ Coachman, put to my doves.”
 The genial bed no blooming grace prepares,
 ‘ And every day becomes a day of cares.’

EPILOGUE TO THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
 Ye whom the nuptial deity has tied,
 In filken fetters, will ye not impart,
 For pity's sake, some portion of your art,
 To a mere novice, and prescribe some plan,
 How you would have me live with my good man ?
 Tell me, if I should give each passing hour
 To love of pleasure, or to love of power :
 If, with the fatal thirst of desperate play,
 I shou'd turn day to-night, and night to-day ;

Had I the faculty to make a prize
 Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
 Say, are these objects worth my serious aim?
 Do they give happiness, or health or fame?
 Are hecatombs of lovers' hearts of force
 To deprecate the demon of divorce?

Speak, my advisers, shall I gain the plan,
 Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
 At their own weapons that proud sex defies
 And set up a new female paradise?
 Lights for the ladies! Hark, the bar-bells sound!
 Shew to the club-room—see the glass goes round—
 Hail, happy meeting of the good and fair,
 Soft relaxation from domestic care;
 Where virgin minds are early train'd to Loo,
 And all New-Market opens to the view.

In these gay scenes shall I affect to move,
 Or pass my hours in dull domestic love?
 Shall I to rural solitudes descend,
 With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend?
 Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
 And blaze the brightest heathen goddess there?
 Where shall I fix? Determine ye who know,
 Shall I renounce my husband, or Soho?
 With eyes half-open'd, and an aching head,
 And e'en the artificial roses dead,
 When to my toilette's morning task resign'd,
 What visitations then may seize my mind!
 Save me, just heaven, from such a painful life,
 And make me an unfashionable wife!

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNGE.

THE *Grecian Daughter's* compliments to all;
Begg that for epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.
A father rais'd from death, a nation sav'd,
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd;
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm:
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn father, freedom, virtue, all to jest?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose:
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eyelids crept,
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept?
Shall she to *Macaronies* life restore,
Who yawn'd, half-dead, and curs'd the tragic bore?
Dismiss 'em, smirking, to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?
Some muffled, like the witches in *Macbeth*,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others, *the cauldron go about, about,*
And ruin enters, as the fates run out!

Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,

Passions burn,
And bets are double !

Double, double,

Toil and trouble,

Passions burn,

And all is bubble !

But, jests apart, for Scandal forms these tales,
Falsehood, be mute---let Justice hold her scales :
Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs ;
To peace, and wedded love, they give their midnight hours.
From slumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em ;
Who *make* the laws, were never known to break 'em.
'Tis false, ye fair, whatever spleen may say,
That you down folly's tide are borne away :
You never wish at deep distress to sneer ;
For eyes, tho' bright, are brighter thro' a tear.

Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,
To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great ;
Arm'd at all points, let genius take the field,
And on the stage afflicted virtue shield ;
Drive from the land each base, unworthy passion,
Till virtue triumph in despite of fashion.

EPILOGUE TO

A WIFE IN THE RIGHT.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

T IS very fine, indeed ! all match'd, I see,
 All happy, all provided for, but me.
 Blown up and ruin'd here—'tis a strange notion,
 You'll say, but I'm resolv'd to cross the ocean ;
 I'll e'en equip me for the Indian route ;
 Seyton and Ramsay join to fit me out ;
 Bull says, he's sure I need not then despair,
 For British features bear a premium there.
 Even this homely face would charm, they say,
 Amongst the copper beauties of Bombay ;
 And she, who in a croud would scarcely pass
 With us, would be a Venus at Madras.
 Pantheon, opera, playhouse, *Fantocini*,
 Farewel—I'll go and be a Nabobina :
 Or, if that scheme, perchance, should not succeed,
 E'en wed a seapoy chief, and mend the breed.
 What, if one's husband is a little frightful,
 Where every thing besides is so delightful :
 'Twill be so charming, on a summer's day,
 For forty squaws to fan me as I play ;
 Or on rich carpets free from noise and hurry,
 Sit cross-legg'd with my spouse, and feast on curry.

If

If I've a taste for baubles, my good man
 Will load me with old china and japan.
 Diamonds on diamonds heap'd, and pearly rows,
 For hair, ears, neck, and breast, perhaps my nose.
 No filthy hackneys there, so poor or mean,
 Give me twelve seapoys and a palanquin.
 I'll keep a little Squadron at my call,
 And make my first grand visit in a shawl.

But must I leave my little Bull behind?
 No! hang it, after all 'twould be unkind.
 The fellow may be useful; he shall go,
 For he can write, or under-write, you know.
 And many a worse, I heard a sweet bird sing,
 Goes out a writer, and comes home a king:
 A writer here, is quite another thing!

So says our female author of the night;
 Poor soul! I hear she's in a horrid fright;
 She has sent her little vessel off to sea,
 And I am factor for the company.
 Grant her, ye critics, a few prosperous gales,
 Let your applause but fill our swelling sails,
 Do you insure her cargo safe and sound,
 And Bull shall under-write five hundred pound.
 The author for your passport trembling stands.
 And hopes you'll grant it, under all your hands.

TO
THE GAMESTERS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

CRITICS, before you rise, one word, I pray ;

You cannot to a female, sure, say nay !

I'll make a short excuse for what I've done,

And then to church with *Master Hazard* run :

Yes, *run*, I say ; nay fly, my zeal to prove,

Fly to the *Indies*—with the man I love !

Love, a choice plant, once native of this soil,

Grew, spread, and blossom'd, without care or toil ;

'Twas through the land in such perfection kept,

That, ivy-like, around the heart it crept :

Each honest feeling bosom nurs'd the flow'r ;

So sweet, it prov'd the happiest, richest dow'r ;

Till folks of *taste*, their genius to display,

Brought in *exotics* ; while to sad decay,

Poor *Love* is fall'n, cast like a weed away ?

I will revive the plant, in spite of fashions ;

The heart is dead, without this best of passions :

Ay, but, says *Sarby*, (there I see him sit,

Glancing a frown upon me from the pit)

I am for loving Miss, as well as you ;

But not a dice-box—that will never do !

Who draws for husbands there, with open eyes,

Puts in a lottery, without one prize !

Sir—by your leave—your praise I wish to merit,
 For stepping forth with more than female spirit !
 Am not I brave, amid the tempest's roar,
 To plunge, and bring a drowning man to shore ?
 But should the monster so ungrateful prove,
 When I have sav'd, and warm'd him, with my love,
 To let his former sins his heart intice,
 And leave my rattling, for the rattling dice ?
 I'll strike a bargain, and I say done, first,
 As soon as e'er my wretched spouse is hears'd ;
 For if he wear his worthless life away,
 Watching all night, and fretting all the day,
 E'en let him go ; his loss your gain secures,
 The widow, and ten thousand, shall be yours !
 Our youths are so fin'd down with fashions new,
 I'd rather choose a furly man like you.

EPILOGUE TO THE

PRINCE OF TUNIS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. WESTON.

WELL, I protest there's no such thing as dealing
 With these starch poets, with these—*Men of feeling*.
 Said I, your tragedy is fairly over,
 And *Zulima* lies buried with her lover !
 I hope your Muse's power extends no further,
 Than poison'd bowls, and daggers drench'd with murder.

Now she has laid her heroes to their rest,
She'll leave to us our epilogue and jest.

“ Your epilogue,” said he, “ Oh ! bane of sense !
“ Blot to the stage, and feeling's worst offence !
“ Where pity's soft luxurious tear should flow,
“ Should passion warm, should conscious virtue glow ;
“ This child, of folly and of fashion born,
“ Laughs ev'ry nobler sentiment to scorn.
“ The poet's nature, and the player's art,
“ Chas'd by her voice, forsake the swelling heart ;
“ And where had fancy form'd her visions fair,
“ This grinning ideot reigns unrivalled there.”

More had he said ; but here I cut him short,
And came to you to crave your sanction for't.
What, say ye ! Shall they bring their plays in vogue,
Without the smart facetious epilogue ?
And when their fufs of tragic woe is done,
Screw up their mouths, and grudge our bit of fun ?
When we have dry'd the tears that pity shed,
Shall we not take the living for the dead ?
And, when we tire, thro' ancient times to roam,
Hear something clever of the times at home ?
And, tho' these grave ones say, 'tis out of season,
There's precedent enough to give it reason—
But, hush ! he frowns, and beckons me away.
Farewel !—You'll laugh with me, some other day.

EPILOGUE TO

A L Z U M A.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HARTLEY.

OUR play thus o'er, now swells each throbbing breast,
 With expectations of the coming jest.
 By fashion's law, whene'er the tragic-muse
 With sympathetic tears each eye bedews;
 When some bright virtue at her call appears,
 Wak'd from the dead repose of rolling years;
 When sacred worthies she bids breathe anew,
 That men may be—what she displays to view;
 By fashion's law, with light fantastic mien,
 The comic sister trips it o'er the scene;
 Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,
 Plays off her airs, and calls forth all her smiles;
 Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,
 And the gay wonder how they wept before.
 Say, do you wish, ye bright, ye virtuous train,
 That ev'ry tear that fell should fall in vain?

If this night's scenes soft pity could impart,
 'Tis yours to fix the fashion of the heart.
 Adopt, ye fair, the lost *Alzuma's* cause,
 His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

For *Orellana* may I dare to plead?
 My faults will all your kind indulgence need.
 On you my hopes are fix'd :—one smile from you,
 To me is worth the treasures of *Peru*.

EPILOGUE TO

A L O N Z O.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

THO' lately dead, a princess, and of Spain,
I am no ghost, but flesh and blood again !
No time to change this dress, it is expedient
I pass for British, and your most obedient.

How happy, ladies, for us all—that we
Born in this isle, by *Magna Charta* free,
Are not, like Spanish wives, kept under lock and key.
The *Spaniard* now is not like him of yore,
Who, in his whisker'd face, his titles bore !
Nor joy, nor vengeance made him smile or grin,
Fix'd were his features, tho' the devil within !
He, when once jealous, to wash out the stain,
Stalk'd home, stabb'd madam, and stalk'd out again.
Thanks to the times, this dagger-drawing passion
Thro' polish'd Europe is quite out of fashion.
Signor th' Italian, quick of fight and hearing,
Once ever list'ning, and for ever leering,
To *cara sposa* now politely kind ;
He, best of husbands, is both deaf and blind.
Mynheer the Dutchman, with his sober pace,
Whene'er he finds his rib has wanted grace,
He feels no branches sprouting from his brain,
But calculation makes of loss and gain ;
And when to part with her occasion's ripe,
Mynheer turns out mine frow, and smokes his pipe.

When

When a brisk Frenchman's wife is giv'n to prancing,
It never spoils his singing or his dancing :

" Madame, you false—de tout mon cœur—Adieu ;
Begar you cocu me, I cocu you." —

He, toujours gai, dispels each jealous vapour,
Takes snuff, sings Vive l'amour, and cuts a caper.

As for John Bull—not he in upper life,
But the plain Englishman, who loves his wife ;
When honest John, I say, has got his doubts,
He fullen grows, scratches his head, and pouts.

" What is the matter with you, love ?" cries she ;

" Are you not well, my dearest ?" " Humph !" cries he :

" You're such a brute !—But, Mr. Bull, I've done."

" And if I am a brute—Who made me one ?"

" You know my tenderness——My heart's too full."

" And so's my head——I thank you, Mrs. Bull."

" O you base man !"——" Zounds, Madam, there's no
bearing."

She falls a-weeping, and he falls a-swearing :

With tears and oaths, the storm domestic ends,

The thunder dies away, the rain descends,

She sobs, he melts, and then they kiss and friends.

Whatever ease these modern modes may bring,

A little jealousy is no bad thing :

To me, who speak from nature unrefin'd,

Jealousy is the bellows of the mind.

Touch it but gently, and it warms desire,

If handled roughly, you are all on fire !

If it stands still, affection must expire !

This truth no true philosopher can doubt,

Whate'er you do—let not the flame go out,

EPILOGUE TO THE

DUELLIST.

SPOKEN BY MISS BARSANTI.

SO men of valour ! you dislike our play !
 Nothing against it do the ladies say.
 To own they're pleas'd, the critics ever loth,
 Mutter, " a Duellist, with scarce an oath !
 " 'Tis like his hat, that was without a feather,
 " Duels and Dam'mes always go together."
 Old finners, loving the licentious joke,
 May think there wants too, here and there a stroke ;
 Round oaths, and double meanings strew'd between,
 With them the virtues of the comic scene:
 And yet the town in general is so nice,
 It holds these virtues as a kind of vice :
 From the teeth outwards chaste, their hands before 'em,
 Like reps; ev'n demi-reps; are all decorum.
 Tho' gross their thoughts, so delicate their hearing,
 They think the very stage should fine for swearing.
 Our author, therefore, scrupled to employ
 Your vulgar dam'me, Sir, and dam'me, boy ;
 Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came pat in,
 He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyer's latin.
 So much refin'd the scene since former days,
 When Congreve, Vanburgh, Wycherley, wrote plays,
 " The stage so loosely did Astrea tread,
 " She fairly put all characters to-bed."

Tho' now no bard would venture to deposit
 A macaroni in a lady's closet ;
 Lest the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,
 " While moon and stars alone" see what they're doing:
 In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
 But put the struggling actresses to the trial ;
 Bless me ! I shudder even now to think,
 How near myself may come to danger's brink !
 In modern plays, more safe the female station,
 Secure as sad our solemn situation !
 No rakish forward spark dares now be rude ;
 The Comic Muse herself grown quite a prude !
 No wonder, then, if, in so pure an age,
 No Congreves write for as demure a stage !

EPILOGUE TO THE

SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

CAN it be thought, ye wives, this scribbling fool
 Will draw you here by calling you to school ?
 Does he not know, poor soul ! to be directed,
 Is what you hate, and more to be corrected !
 Long have these walls to public fame been known
 An ancient college to instruct the town ;
 We've schools for rakes, for fathers, lovers, wives,
 For naughty boys and girls to mend their lives ;

Where

Where some to yawn, some round about to look,
 Some to be seen, few come to mind their book;
 Some with high wit and humour hither run,
 To sweat the masters—and they call it fun.
 Some modish sparks, true stoicks, and high bred,
 Come, but ne'er know what's done, or sung, or said;
 Should the whole herd of critics round them roar,
 And with one voice cry out *Encore ! Encore !*
 Or louder yet, *Off ! off ! No more ! no more !*
 Should pit, box, gall'ry, with convulsions shake,
 Still are they half asleep, nor t'other half awake.
 O, ladies fair ! are these fit men to wed ?
 Such husbands half, had better be quite, dead.
 But to return—vain men, throughout the nation,
 Boast they alone have college education :
 Are not we qualify'd to take degrees ?
 We've caps, and gowns, nay bands too, if you please,
 Cornellys', and Almack's, our universities !
 Young female students rise, if girls of parts,
 From under graduates—mistresses of arts !
 The bashful spinsters turn important spouses,
 Strive to be masters, and the heads of houses !
 Will any of you here, blest with a wife,
 Dispute the fact ?—You dare not for your life.
 Pray tell me truly, critics, and be free,
 Do you this night prefer the wife to me ?
 Shall Mrs. Belville give the play a name ?
 What are her merits ? a cold, smiling dame,
 While I, a Salamander, liv'd in flame !

M a

Press'd

Prefs'd by three lovers ! 'twas indeed provoking ;
 Ladies, upon my word it was no joking.
 Can you from mortal woman more require,
 Then save her fingers, and yet play with fire ?
 The risks I run the partial bard upbraids ;
 Wives won't be taught — be it the school for maids.

EPILOGUE TO THE
 MAN OF BUSINESS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.*

WHEN plays are o'er, by epilogue we're able,
 Thro' moral strainers, to refine the fable ;
 Again the field of comedy to glean,
 From what the author did, or did not mean ;
 Or, in a gayer mood, on malice bent,
 Quite topsy-turvy turn the bard's intent.
 Shall we, ye critics, to-night's play deride ?
 Or shall we, ladies, take the milder side ?
 Suppose for once we leave the beaten road,
 And try, by turns, the harsh and gentle mode ;
 A kind of critic country-dance begin ;
 Right hand and left, cross over, figure in.
 The critic first strikes off, condemns each scene,
 The tale, the bard, and thus he vents his spleen :
 " While books lie open on each mouldy stall,
 Bills plaister posts, songs paper ev'ry wall ;

* On account of the length of this Epilogue, many lines are omitted
 at the Theatre.

EPILOGUES.

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At every corner hungry minds may feed,
 Wisdom cries out, and he that runs may read.
 On learned alms were play-wrights ever fed,
 And scraps of poetry their daily bread,
 Ev'n Shakespeare would unthred the novel's maze,
 Or build on penny histories his plays.
 From paltry ballads Rowe extracted Shore,
 Which lay like metal buried in the ore.
 To jump at once to bards of later days,
 What are the riff-raff of our modern plays?
 Their native dullness all in books intrench;
 Mere scavengers of Latin, Greek, and French,
 Sweep up the learned rubbish, dirt and dust,
 Or from old iron try to file the rust.
 Give me the bard whose fiery disposition
 Quickens at once, and learns by intuition;
 Lifts up his head to think, and in a minute,
 Ideas make a hurly-burly in it;
 Struggling for passage, there ferment and bubble,
 And thence run over, without further trouble,
 Till out comes play or poem, as they feign
 Minerva issued from her father's brain!
 Be all original—struck out at once;
 Who borrows, toils, or labours, is a dunce.
 Genius, alas! is at the lowest ebb;
 And none, like spiders, spin their own fine web.
 With wonder, if with some success they strive
 With wax and honey to enrich the hive,
 If all within their compass they devour,
 And, like the bee, steal sweets from ev'ry flower;

Old books, old plays, old thoughts will never do:

Originals for me, and something new!"

New! (cries the lady) pr'ythee, man, have done!

We know there's nothing new beneath the sun.

Weave, like the spider, from your proper brains,

And take at last a cobweb for your pains!

What is invention? 'Tis not thoughts innate;

Each head at first is but an empty pate.

'Tis but retailing from a wealthy hoard,

The thoughts which observation long has stor'd;

Combining images with lucky hit,

Which sense and education first admit.

Who, borrowing little from the common store,

Mends what he takes, and from his own adds more,

He is original; or inspiration

Never fill'd bard of this, or other nation,

And Shakespeare's art is merely imitation.

For 'tis a truth, long prov'd beyond all doubt,

Where nothing's in, there's nothing can come out.

Modes oft may change, and old give way to new,

Or vary between London and Peru;

Yet here, and every where, the general frame

Of nature and of man is still the same;

Huge ruffs and farthingales are out of fashion;

But still the human heart's the seat of passion:

And he may boast his genius stands the test,

Who paints our passions and our humours best.

Censure not all; to praise let all inspire;

For emulation fans the poet's fire.

Put not one grand extinguisher on plays;

But with kind snuffers gently mend their blaze.

While

While other licens'd lotteries prevail,
 Our bard, by ticklish lottery, tempts a sale,
 Prints the particulars of his museum,
 And boldly calls the public in to see 'em :
 Their calculation must his fate reveal,
 Who ventures all in the dramatic wheel.

EPILOGUE TO THE

NOTE OF HAND;

OR,

A TRIP TO NEWMARKET.

OH, such a sight! I've been upon the course,
 And he may talk his nonsense till he's hoarse :
 What matters an old Canterbury story?
 Upon my soul, Newmarket's in its glory.
 Such galloping, such gambling and such betting,
 Such capering, such cutting and curvetting !
 Oh ! such a world of bothering and of noise,
 So many Cambridge hacks and college boys :
 Then there is such a riot and a rattle,
 With lists of *terrible, terrible high-bred cattle* ;
List of the sporting ladies, Sir !—O lord,
 This foolish poet's *no where*, take my word.
 He's jaded at two heats, as I'm alive ;
 'Tis well 'tis out of rule to start for five.
 What signifies his farce ! 'tis all a jest ;
 Upon my soul, Firetail's a lovely beast——

So sleek, so trim, so slender and so thin,
They lead him out, and then they lead him in.

Oh, if that Roman fellow now was there,
(What was his name?) that made his horse Lord Mayor;
He might have choice and plenty, a whole stud
Of senators and consuls, thorough blood.

What neighing after one another's spouses,
What snorting and what kicking in both houses!
Shake but the sieve, as sure as I am born,
There's none amongst 'em, but wou'd come to corn.
Why such a hair-brain'd spark might think it wit,
To turn his stable loose into the pit:

Long-tail and bob-tail, blacks and sprightly bays,
And filthy duns and old flea-bitten greys,
Young high-bred fillies, and fine dappled mares,
And braying critics with long pricking ears!
Stand by your poet, Sirs; and keep your places,
You'll get no harm at his New-market races.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MISS BARSANTI, ON THE DEPARTURE OF
THE MANAGER OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN, MAY 26, 1774.

OF mortal men how equal is the date !
Kings, and mock kings, submit alike to fate,
Abroad, in state one mighty monarch lies ;
While here his Majesty of Brentford dies.

Hung be the stage with black ! and Juliet's bell,
'Midst flashing rosin, toll our monarch's knell !
While we with tragic plumes, and mournful verse,
In slow procession all attend his hearse.
First in dead march the music—unbrac'd drums—
Then with a monstrous purse the treasurer comes.
The hugeness of the bag your fancy cozens ;
Prick it ! and out come orders by whole dozens :
Swell'd as it is, no substance, sure enough ;
No cash—but like a bladder blown—all puff !
Two tiny fairies bear an epitaph ;
Two printers next, with each a paragraph ;
Both boasting of applause that ne'er was shown,
And crouded houses that were never known.
Big as a sybil's self, or something bigger,
Old Mother Shipton comes, a noble figure !
Full horribly she grins with ghastly charms,
Our monarch's baby image in her arms.

Then follow fylphs, ghosts, witches in Macbeth,
 A gouty harlequin, a prompter out of breath ;
 A white-glov'd house-keeper with whiter wand ;
 An empty box-book in the other hand ;
 One, like Lord Chamberlain, his office graces ;
 The other shews you there are store of places.
 Six Beggar's Opera ladies tend the bier,
 Parted, like Hector's wife, 'twixt smile and tear ;
 Elfrida's virgins too proceed before us,
 A modern-ancient, English-Grecian chorus,
 Scene-shifters, candle-snuffers, and stage-keepers,
 Bill-stickers, pick-pockets, and chimney-sweepers,
 The mob without doors, and the mob within,
 Close the procession, and compleat the din.

Thus having buried him, let's wave dissection !
 'Tis now too late to give his faults correction,
 Peace—if peace may be—to his shade ! He died
Felo de se, poor soul ! a suicide !
 Yet he confess'd with his departing breath,
 And in the very article of death,
 Oft did your favour cherish his pretences,
 Which now defrays his funeral expences.

F O T E

EPILOGUE TO THE

ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
 And fix the fickle favour of the town,
 An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way.
 T' atone for all the errors of the play :
 Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,
 In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your eye.
 With equal reason, when she made you laugh,
Melpomene shou'd send you sniv'ling off ;
 But here our bard, unequal to the task,
 Rejects the dagger, and retains the masque :
 Fain would he send you chearful home to-night,
 And harmless mirth by honest means excite ;
 Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense,
 To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.
 What method shall we choose your taste to hit ?
 Will no one lend our bard a little wit ?
 Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.
 The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
 Up starts that fatal *phalanx* call'd the town :
 In full assembly weighs our author's fate,
 And *Surly* thus commences the debate :

Pray,

Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene
The sacred rights of tragedy prophane?

If farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:

Oh, fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!

Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in nature?

Not the least likeness in a single feature.

My Lord, lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;

Let's come on Friday night and have a hiss.

To this a *perquier* assents with joy,

Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.

In such distress what can the poet do?

Where seek for shelter when these foes pursue?

He dares demand protection, Sirs, from you.

EPILCQUE TO

T H E L Y A R.

Between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.

M. Gr. **H**OLD, Sir,

Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,

Let me be heard as counsel for your son.

Acquit I can't; I mean to mitigate;

Proscribe all lying! what would be the fate,

Of this, and every other earthly fate?

Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,

You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town:

The tribe of politicians will want food;

Ev'n now half famish'd—for the public good;

All

All Grub-street murderers of men and sense ;
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence ? must the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat ?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir ; yet hear another word,
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword :
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law :
For 'tis the fixt determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you, nay, even Coke's reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend an hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loath ;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show :
Leave no possession of our modest No !

O. Wild. Oh, freely ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative :
Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms !
On this rejoinder then, I rest my cause :
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case :
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit,

Is it your pleasures that we make a rule;
That ev'ry lyar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

EPILOGUE DESIGNED FOR

THE NABOB.

Prompter and Lady.

Prom. **L**ET me intreat you, Madam, pause a bit;
This is no proper place to shew your wit.

Lady. Hoot, ye daft hav'ril, cease your silly din,
I'll na be said—I must and will come in;
Why may not Lady Coldstream mount the stage?

Ladies play'd parts in Charly's blythsome age;
What's a' this clatter 'bout a Nabob here?
The bard I think has mair of wit than fear,
Else would he not proclaim such ticklish war,
And with an Asiatic chieftain spar;
But as the lad ne'e *filler* lov'd himsell,
He bickers those who bear of wealth the *belle*.

Sir Matthew Mite—at Bath I saw the chiel,
And should for husband like him *unca* weel.
His diamonds, equipage, and well-far'd purse,
Wha would na tak for better and for warse?
Miss Oldham in her city match may glee,
But Indian splendor makes the lad for me:
Between ourfells, 'tis but a girlish plan,
When wealth invites, to think about the man.

But

But Nabobs rob poor Indians.—Is it truth?
 Don't christians rob each other?—Yes, forsooth:
 What need there, then, be muckle wonder made,
 That Britens should abroad push on the trade?
 But, troth, these authors, a mere scribbling breed,
 Of late have dar'd to scoff the North of Tweed:
 Some patriots too have cast their jibes and jeers,
 And thought to fling a' Scotland int' tears:
 If one stands forth—I challenge a' the toon,
 In me the blood of Bruce shall bring him down.
 Ladies, I ken ye'll kindly think with me,
 That satire of this nature should na be;
 Siller degraded, troth the chiel's na blate,
 And merits in my thoughts a sharpish fate:
 Correct him then, nor due correction spare,
 Tak, as I would, the Nabob to your care.

C O L M A N.

EPILOGUE TO

C L E M E N T I N A.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

FROM Otway's and immortal Shakespeare's page,
 Venice is grown familiar to our stage.
 Here the Rialto often has display'd,
 At once a bridge, a street, and mart of trade;

Here, treason threat'ning to lay Venice flat,
Grave-candle-snuffers oft in senate sat.

To-night in Venice we have play'd our scene,
Where I have been—liv'd—died—as you have seen:
Yet, that my travels I may not disgrace,
Let me—since now reviv'd—describe the place!
Nor wou'd the tour of Europe prove our shame,
Cou'd every Macaroni do the same.

The city's self—a wonder, all agree—
Appears to spring, like Venus, from the sea.
Founded on piles, it rises from the strand,
Like Trifle plac'd upon a silver stand:
While many a lesser isle the prospect crowns,
Looking like sugar-plums, or floating towns.

Horses and mules ne'er pace the narrow street,
Where crouded walkers elbow all they meet:
No carts and coaches o'er the pavement clatter;
Ladies, priests, lawyers, nobles—go by water:
Light boats and gondolas transport them all,
Like one eternal party to Vauxhall.
Now hey for merriment!—hence grief and fear!
The jolly carnival leads in the year;
Calls the young loves and pleasures to its aid;
A three-months jubilee and masquerade!
With gait the throng'd Piazza glows,
Mountebanks, jugglers, boxers, puppet-shows:
Mask'd and disguis'd the ladies meet their sparks,
While Venus hails the mummers of St. Mark's.
There holy friars turn gallants, and there too
Nuns yield to all the frailties—"Flesh is heir to."

There

There dear *Ridotto* constantly delight,
 And sweet harmonic meetings, ev'ry night;
 Once in each year the Doge ascends his barge,
 Fine as a London May's, and thrice as large;
 Throws a huge ring of gold into the sea,
 And cries — " Thus we, thy Sov'reign, marry thee.
 " Oh, may'st thou ne'er, like many a mortal spouse,
 " Prove full of storms, and faithless to thy vows !"
 One word of politics — and then I've done —
 The state of Venice nobles rule alone,
 Thrice happy Britain, where with equal hand,
 Three well-pois'd states unite to rule the land !
 Thus in the theatre, as well as state,
 Three ranks must join to make us blest and great.
 King, Lords and Commons, o'er the nation sit ;
 Pit, box and gallery, rule the realms of wit.

EPILOGUE TO
 T I M A N T H E S.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

WHAT horrors fill the tragic poet's brain !
 Plague, murder, rape, and incest, crowd his train ;
 He pants for miseries, delights in ills ;
 The blood of fathers, mothers, children, spills ;
 Stabs, poisons, massacres ; and, in his rage,
 With daggers, bowls, and carpets, strews the stage.

Our gentler poet, in soft Opera bred,
 Italian crotchets singing in his head,
 Winds to a prosperous end the fine-drawn tale,
 And roars—but roars like any nightingale—

Woman, whate'er she be—maid, widow, wife—
 A quiet woman is the charm of life.
 And sure Cephisa was a gentle creature,
 Full of the milk and honey of good nature.
 Imported for a spouse—by spouse refus'd!
 Was ever maid so shamefully abus'd?
 And yet, alas! poor prince! I could not blame him—
 One wife, I know, was full enough to tame him.
 Ismena and Timanthes, and Olynthus,
 Might all be happy—for I chose Carinthus.

But what a barb'rous law was this of Thrace?
 How cruel there was each young lady's case!
 A virgin, plac'd upon the dreadful roll,
 A hapless virgin must have stood the poll;
 But by Timanthes made a lucky bride,
 Ismena prudently disqualify'd.

Ladies, to you alone our author sues,
 'Tis yours to cherish, or condemn his Muse.
 The theatre's a mirror, and each play
 Should be a very looking-glass, they say;
 His looking-glass reflects no moles or pimples,
 But shews you full of graces, smiles, and dimples.
 If you approve, yourselves, resolve to spare—
 And, critics! then attack him, if ye dare.

EPILIQUE TO
KING, HENRY THE SECOND.

OR, THE
F A L L O F R O S A M O N D.

SPOKEN BY MISS BARSANTI.

GR E A T and fair ladies ! Lords, gallant and mighty !

Behold a female—fresh from Otaheité.

Stretch to the southern ocean your idea,

And view in me the princess *Obera*.

Full three long hours I've sat with smother'd rage,

To hear the nonsense of your tragic stage :

To see a queen majestically swagger,

A bowl in this hand, and in this a dagger ;

To stab or poison (cruel inclination)

A maid, who gave a husband consolation.

Ah, ladies ! no such queen at Otaheité :

Love there has roses—without thorns to fright ye ;

Frolick our days, and to compleat our joy,

A *Coterie's* form'd ; 'tis call'd the *Arreoy* ;

Where love is free, and general as the air,

And ev'ry beau gallants with ev'ry fair ;

No ceremonies bind—no rule controuls,

But love, the only tyrant of our souls !

But pleasure's foreign to these northern climes,

And love, I hear, unknown in these dull times :

Our gentler poet, in soft Opera bred,
 Italian crotchets singing in his head,
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But love, the only tyrant of our souls !

But pleasure's foreign to these northern climes,

And love, I hear, unknown in these dull times :

Never was maiden in these days caught tripping,
 Never was wife on pleasure's ice found slipping,
 True to their lords, to gallantry ne'er prone,
 Divorces are so rare, the name's scarce known.

Yet, in our southern air—at least I'm told—

Nor French nor Englishmen were quite so cold ;

And, if your poet of to-night says true,

Love formerly warm'd British ladies too ;

And ladies of old times, perhaps, might plead,

That modern ladies are the self-same breed.

There is a place, I'm told, call'd Doctor's Commons,

Whence husbands issue to false wives dread summons ;

For each pretends—an all-sufficient elf!

To keep a lady to his precious self.

Yet man, proud man, from *Oberon* know,

That female follies on your follies grow ;

And all your hopes of constancy are vain,

If marriage binds not in a mutual chain.

If in cold sheets ye leave poor Nell to sleep,

And some fair Rose in Covent-Garden keep ;

Think of the ills that wait domestic strife,

The heaviest care of all the cares of life—

A tempting mistress, and an angry wife.

For you, ye fair, whom conscious virtue arms,

And with her graces heightens beauty's charms,

Hear a frail sister on your pity call,

And save fair Rosamond a second fall.

EPILOGUE TO

THE SPLEEN;

OR,

I S L I N G T O N S P A.

Spoken by Mrs. King, in the character of Dr. Anodyne.

A Female doctor, Sirs !—And pray why not ?
 Have you from nature a sole patent got ?
 Can you chain down experience, sense, and knowledge,
 (Like madmen in strait waistcoats) to the college ?
 Let us prescribe !—Our wholesome revolutions
 Would quickly mend your crazy constitutions ;
 Invest a female with a reverend cassock,
 What spruce divine wou'd more become the hassock ?
 Or robe her in a lawyer's gown and band,
 What judge so sweet a pleader could withstand ?
 Into St. Stephen's chapel let us go !
 What power our *Aye* would have ; what force our *No* !
 Try us in all things—there are very few
 We women could not do, as well as you.

Shew me thro' all creation, those who can,
 A fiercer tyrant, than the tyrant man.
 Lion to lioness is calm and civil,
 But man with woman—plays the very devil.
 In France, where *politesse* should rule the land,
 The sceptre's wrested from a female hand.

A spouse in China keeps his brain from madding,
 By crippling dearee's feet, to spoil her gadding.
 While the Grand Turk, Lord of a vast seraglio,
 Warms the whole house—himself one great buzaglio,
 Here we're denied the privilege to think,
 And scarce allow'd the use of pen and ink.
 But mark your playhouse wits, and fairly tell,
 If we poor women cou'd not write as well :
 Yes, ladies, we have written, and we will ;
 No lords, alive or dead, shall stop our quill.
 Break down the fences of a partial tribe,
 And let us too preach, counsel, and prescribe !
 Firm as Rome's matrons, bold as dames of Sparta,
 Let English-women form a female Magna Charta ;
 Assert your rights, you must command success,
 And make King John submit to brave Queen Bess.

EPilogue to the
 SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the character of Lady Teazel.

I, Who was late so volatile and gay,
 Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way;
 Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
 To one old-rusty weather-cock—my spouse ;
 So wills our virtuous bard—the pye-ball'd Bayes
 Of crying epilogues and laughing plays,

Old batchelors, who marry smart young wives,
 Learn from our play to regulate your lives !
 Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
 London will prove the very source of honour ;
 Plung'd fairly in, like a cold-bath, it serves,
 When principles relax—to brace the nerves,
 Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
 That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er ;
 And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
 Born with a genius for the highest life,
 Like me, untimely blasted in her bloom ;
 Like me, condemn'd to such a dismal doom ?
 Save money—when I just knew how to waste it !
 Leave London---just as I began to taste it !
 Must I then watch the early crowing-cock ?
 The melancholy ticking of a clock ?
 In the lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
 With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded ?
 With humble curates can I now retire,
 (While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire)
 And at back-gammon mortify my soul,
 That pants for lu, or flutters at a vote ?
 Seven's the main !—dear sound ?—that must expire,
 Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire !
 The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
 “ Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content !
 “ Farewel the plumed head—the cushion'd tête,
 “ That takes the cushion from its proper seat !
 “ The spirit-stirring drum !—card-drums I mean—
 “ Spadille, odd trick, pam, baslo, king and queen !

" And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat,
 " The welcome visitor's approach denote,
 " Farewel !—All quality of high renown,
 " Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious town,
 " Farewel !—your revels I partake no more,
 " And Lady Teazel's occupation's o'er !"
 —All this I told our bard, he smil'd, and said, 'twas clear
 I ought to play deep tragedy next year :
 Mean while he drew wise morals from his play,
 And in these solemn periods stalk'd away.
 " Blest were the fair, like you her faults who stopt,
 " And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropt !
 " No more in vice or error to engage,
 " Or play the fool at large on life's great stage !"

G O L D S M I T H.

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES, IN THE CHARACTER OF
 HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
 I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
 My pride forbids it ever shou'd be said,
 My heels eclips'd the honours of my head ;
 That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
 Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask.

Whence,

*M.^r LEE LEWIS speaking a PROLOGUE
in the CHARACTER of HARLEQUIN.*



*And shall I mix in this unhallow'd Crew?
May Rosins Lightening Blast me if I do.*

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Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
 Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
 In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
 How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
 Whilst from below the trap-door *Demons* rise,
 And from above the dangling deities;
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
 May rosin'd light'ning blast me, if I do!
 No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
 Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
 Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
 The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins,
 Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
 Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
 'twas but a dream.

Ay, 'twas a dream, for now there's no retreating:
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
 'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
 "The deuce confound," he cries, "these drum-stick
 thanks,
 "They never have my gratitude nor thanks:
 "They're perfectly disgraceful! Strike me dead!
 "But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.
 "How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
 "My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd ! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore ;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage-door.]

EPILOGUE TO THE

T H E S I S T E R.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

WHAT ! five long acts—and all to make us wiser !
Our authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade.
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage,
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking,
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade ?—I will—
But how ! ay, there's the rub ! *(pausing)* I've got my cue :
The world's a masquerade ; the masquers, you, you, you.

[To boxes, pit, gallery.]

Lud !

Lud ! what a groupe the motley scene discloses !
 False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses :
 Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
 Patriots, in party colour'd suits, that ride 'em.

There *Hebes*, turn'd of fifty, try once more,
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.

These, in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman :
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.

Thus 'tis with all—Their chief and constant care,
 Is, to seem every thing—but what they are.

Yon broad, bold, angry, spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion,
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears with round parade.
 Looking, as who would say, *damme ! who's afraid.*

[*Mimicking.*

Strip but his vizor off, and sure I am,
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps to vulgar eyes bestrides the state ;
 Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.

Yon patriot too, who presses on your sight,
 And seems to every gazer all in white ;
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's a black.

Yon

Yon critic too—but whether do I run?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
 Well then, a truce, since she requests it too;
 Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE TO
 SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
 And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
 Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
 As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you:
 And let me say, for all your resolution,
 That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
 Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
 “We have our exits, and our entrances,”
 The first act shews the simple country-maid,
 Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
 Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
 “I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.”
 Her second act displays a livelier scene—
 The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
 Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
 The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.

On

On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lover's hearts:
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to compleat,
 Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
 The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'squire,
 And madam now begins to hold it higher;
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside;
 Ogles and leers, with artificial skill,
 Till having lost in age the power to kill,
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
 Such, thro' our lives, the eventful history—
 The fifth and last act still remains for me.
 The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
 Turns female barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

C U M B E R L A N D.

EPILOGUE TO

T H E E L E C T I O N.

SUCH were the scenes, while base corruption stray'd,
 And such the vile electioneering trade!
 From breast to breast the foul pollution ran,
 Gold rais'd the vote, but slavery sunk the man.
 The scout of office, and the drudge of jobs,
 Contractors, agents, brokers, and Nabobs;

The

The purse-proud upstart, who aspir'd to rank,
 The trading cit, whose object was to frank,
 The bold Hibernian, and the hot Creole;
 Vagrants and pests from India to the pole;
 All to the senate throng'd, which open'd wide
 Her venal gates, and venom'd all the tide;
 The member reeling from the loathsome treat,
 Thro' seas of drunkenness assum'd his seat;
 Whilst ev'ry noble house thro'out the land,
 Could trace some wound from brib'ry's fatal hand.
 But now (O virtuous, great, and saving deed!)
 She wounds no more, and we no longer bleed:
 See thro' the realm a new decree is spread,
 And decent order rears her comely head:
 Away with black corruption's odious tribe!
 Now virtue is become the only bribe.

EPILOGUE TO

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THE Muse, who late with melancholy pride,
 Stalk'd by her poor neglected poet's side,
 And, as the musing wanderer stroll'd along,
 Chear'd his sad evenings with her patient song;
 Round his unhoused temples twin'd her bays,
 And lessened hunger with the food of praise;
 In want, despair, imprisonment, in death,
 With hands convuls'd, still wove this tragic wreath,
 True to the last, in his lov'd cause appears,
 And asks the soft libation of your tears:

To

To his yet ling'ring shade the prize imparts,
And greets him with the tribute of your hearts.
Thus, whilst with praise you crown departed worth,
You bring succeeding genius to its birth.

And have you, Britons ! have you hearts to prove
Alien from us, the children of your love ?
Are you, like Savage's dire mother, grown
Gentler to all men's offspring than your own ?
Will you renounce, for an exotic band,
Plants of your own, and natives of your land ?
On English ground a Gallic stage erect,
And all that fashion propagates, protect ?
Out goes the word, subscribe ! a scheme behold,
That turns French tinsel into English gold :
Hither the adventures flock, for here they find
A huge fat host, that welcomes all mankind.
Domestic bards, avaunt ! Shakespeare be dumb !
Now, capering, quavering, chattering muses come :
Gay glittering troops of actresses appear,
With authors tack'd, like futlers, to the rear !
What can we plain unfashion'd mortals do,
Rivall'd by them, and, ah !—renounc'd by you ?
Renounc'd !—ere either stage regains its breath,
There stopt by resignation, here by death.
Is it like you to sharpen our distress,
And make affliction's little remnant less ?
Were you but faithful, I should scorn to yield,
By my brave soldiers side, I'd keep the field ;
Safe in your arms, defy the invader's rage,
Whether it shakes the state, or saps the stage,

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE THATCH'D-HOUSE
TAVERN, FOR THE RELIEF AND DISCHARGE OF PER-
SONS IMPRISONED FOR SMALL DEBTS.

DECEMBER 3, 1774.

[The curtain rises, and discovers a prison; at some distance a woman poorly habited, and in a disconsolate attitude, after standing for some time motionless, in a posture of fixed attention, she speaks.]

Wom. **T**HOU loathsome dungeon, in whose dreary womb,
The pining debtor finds a living tomb;
Where, 'midst the clank of chains, and dismal yells
Of shackled felons, my sad husband dwells;
From his dark cell, Oh! give him to my view!
Let him look forth, and take a last adieu.

[As she advances to the prison, a person in gentleman's apparel accosts her.]

Man. Stay, child of sorrow, thou whose piercing groans
Might move to pity e'en these senseless stones;
Why dost thou bend thy melancholy way,
To that drear dungeon? Child of sorrow, stay,

Wom. Why should I stay, or my sad griefs impart?
Can there be pity in a human heart?
Away, and let me die —

Man. No; if 'tis there
You seek some captive friend, renounce despair;
For though the iron hand of law has barr'd
Those surly doors which yon dread mansion guard,

Know

Know there are found, on whose dilated breasts
The heaven-descended dove of pity rests ;
Souls that delight with soft'ring smiles to cheer
The broken heart, and dry affliction's tear ;
Pluck the wan debtor from his noisome den,
And launch him on the cheerful walks of men.

Wom. If such there be, Oh ! lead me to their fight,
And let me plead a wretched sufferer's right.
Can there be truth, humanity, or sense,
In laws that make misfortune an offence ?
Torn from his famish'd babes, and frantic wife,
A father, husband, there must end his life :
Stretch'd on his straw, the guiltless captive lies,
While round his temples sickly damps arise,
That ev'n the murderer's ignominious fate
Were welcome refuge from his hopeless state.
Lost are the hands, whose honest labour fed
His helpless innocents with daily bread ;
For day by day the busy loom he ply'd,
With soft contentment singing by his side ;
'Till heaven flung out the signal to destroy,
And dropt its curtain o'er the scene of joy.
Nine tedious weeks the languid patient lay,
To dire disease an unresisting prey ;
The tenth succeeded—when, alas ! behold
A worse tormentor in a human mould,
A griping creditor ! escape who can,
When man's great foe assumes the shape of man ?
Steel'd to their trade, and deaf to all their cries,
Relentless ruffians seize their legal prize ;
From my fond arms a dying husband tear,
And plunge their victim in a dungeon—there.

Man. Enough I go speak the healing words of peace,
 To thy sad mate, and bear him this release;
 Tell him the Muse, which on these scenes attends,
 That balm to his wounded spirit sends;
 And know this truth thyself, 'tis not alone
 The preacher's pulpit, and the monarch's throne,
 That charity frequents; but in this age,
 She guides the theatre, and treads the stage:
 Lo! she is present, cast your eyes around,
 And here in each spectator's heart she's found.

EPILOGUE TO THE

ROMAN SACRIFICE.

A Roman parent sacrifice a son!
 'Tis what too many English ones have done!
 When doating mothers train up booby heirs,
 Where is the cruelty can vie with theirs!
 Too pert for home, too finical for school,
 Ripe for his fate, out comes the finish'd fool;
 Headlong, where every passion leads, he runs,
 To wine, to women, races, dice, and duns:
 Rather than plunge a son foul deep in vice,
 Who but wou'd make a *Roman Sacrifice*?

When the young maid reluctantly is led,
 For fardid gold, to some old dotard's bed,
 If then the father's hand had laid her low,
 Had there not been more mercy in the blow!

Look round the world, friend sacrifices friend :—
 There are more murderers than the law can mend.
 See! where encircled by surrounding wits,
 Sipping her tea—the gossip Scandal sits !
 Around Reviews, and Magazines in piles,
 With Ledgers for their sins transfix'd on files ;
 These as she reads, she still directs her eye,
 Where dash'd *Italics* mark'd the morning lie ;
 In fiend-like joy the Stygian synod join,
 While Truth is sacrific'd at Envy's shrine.

Meanwhile our author, in the honest aim,
 To give some pleasure, and to gain some fame,
 Owns he has no ambition to display
 That Roman firmness which his scenes convey ;
 Hopes rather you will spare a father's pain,
 Nor sacrifice the offspring of his brain.

EPILOGUE TO THE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

FROM ancient Thespis to the present age,
 The world hath oft been term'd a public stage ;
 A thread-bare metaphor, which in its time,
 Hath patch'd much prose, and heel-piec'd many a rhyme.
 Ev'n the grave pulpit sometimes deigns to use
 The emphatic terms of the proscribed muse ;
 Calls birth our entry, death our exit calls,
 And at life's close exclaims—the curtain falls !

And so concludes, upon the drama's plan,
 That fretting, strutting, short-hour actor, man.
 "Are we all actors, then?"—"Yes, all from Adam;"
 "And actresses?"—I apprehend so, Madam.
 Some fill their cast with grace, others with none;
 Some are shov'd off the stage, and some shov'd on;
 Some good, some bad, still we all act a part,
 While we disguise the language of the heart.
 Nature's plain taste provides a simple treat,
 But art, the cook, steps in and mars the meat.
 The comic blade makes ridicule his test,
 And on his tomb proclaims that life's a jest.
 The swaggering braggart, in true tragic cast,
 Bellows blank verse and daggers, to the last.
 Whilst clubs of neutral *petits-maitres* boast
 A kind of opera company, at most;
 Whose dress, air, action, all is imitation,
 A poor, insipid, servile, French translation;
 Whose tame, dull scene, glides uniform along,
 In comi—farcical—pastoral—sing—song—
 'Till all awaken'd by the rattling die,
 Club wits, and make a—modern tragedy.
 A tragedy, alas! good friends, look round,
 What have we left to tread but tragic ground?
 Four authors leagu'd to shake the human soul,
 Unsheathe the dagger, and infuse the bowl;
 At length descending to the least, and last,
 We hope the terror of the time is past;
 Full sated now with battle, blood, and murder,
 England is conquer'd—Fate can reach no further;
 Bid then the weeping Pleiads dry their eyes,
 And turn to happier scenes and brighter skies.

G A R R I C K.

EPILOGUE TO

V I R G I N I A.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill, or raise his heroine at command :
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,
Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you think,
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair !

And, first, with you above, I shall begin——

[To the upper gallery,

Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve-pence feat you there, so near the cieling,
The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.

Says John to Tom (ay—there they fit together,
As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather :)—

“ 'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,

“ That old Vergeenus should have stuck his child :

“ I would have hang'd him for't, had I been ruler,

“ And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler.”——

Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,

[To the middle gallery,

And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,

With turn'd-up eyes, applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape ;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.'

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend ;
You think this tragic joke too far was carry'd,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had marry'd :
You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd. —

May I approach unto the boxes, pray —
And there search out a judgment on the play ?
In vain, alas ! I should attempt to find it,
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.

Our author hopes, this fickle goddess Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days abode ;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

EPILOGUE TO THE
F O U N D L I N G.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

I Know you all expect from seeing me,
An epilogue, of strictest purity ;
Some formal lecture, spoke with prudish face,
To shew our present joking, giggling race,
True joy consists in gravity and grace.

But

But why am I, for ever made the tool,
 Of every squeamish, moralizing fool?
 Condemn'd to sorrow all my life, must I
 Ne'er make you laugh, because I make you cry?
 Madam (say they) your face denotes your heart,
 'Tis yours to melt us in the mournful part,
 So from the looks, our hearts they prudish deem!
 Alas, poor souls!—we are not what we seem!
 Tho' prudence oft our inclination smothers,
 We grave ones love a joke—as well as others.
 From such dull stuff, what profit can you reap?
 You cry—'tis very fine, [*yawns*] and fall asleep.
 Happy that bard!—blest with uncommon art,
 Whose wit can cheer, and not corrupt the heart!
 Happy that play'r, whose skill can chase the spleen,
 And leave no worse inhabitant within.
 'Mongst friends, our author is a modest man,
 But wicked wits will cavil at his plan.
 Damn it (says one) this stuff will never pass,
 The girl wants nature, and the rake's an ass.
 Had I, like Belmont, heard a damsel's cries,
 I would have pink'd her keeper, seiz'd the prize,
 Whipt in a coach, not valu'd tears a fardin;
 But drove away like smoke—to Covent-Garden;
 There to some house convenient wou'd have carried her,
 And then, dear soul! the devil should have married her.
 But this our author thought too hard upon her;
 Besides, his spark, forsooth, must have some honour!
 The fools a fabulist*—and deals in fiction;
 Or he had giv'n him vice, without restriction.

* Mr. Moore, author of fables for the female sex.

Of fable all his characters partake,
 Sir Charles is virtuous— and for virtue's sake;
 Nor vain, nor blustering is the soldier writ,
 His rake has conscience, modesty, and wit;
 The ladies too—how oddly they appear!
 His prude is chaste, and his coquet sincere;
 In short so strange a group ne'er trod the stage,
 At once to please, and satirize the age.
 For you, ye fair, his muse has chiefly sung,
 'Tis you have touch'd his heart, and tun'd his tongue;
 The sex's champion, let the sex defend,
 A soothing poet is a charming friend:
 Your favours, here bestow'd, will meet reward,
 So as you love dear flatt'ry—save your bard.

EPILOGUE TO

G I L B L A S.

AS the success of authors is uncertain,
 Till all is over, and down drops the curtain;
 Poets are puzzled, in our dangerous times,
 How to address you in these after rhymes,
 If they implore and beg, with abject mind,
 Their meanness rather makes you sick, than kind;
 And if they bounce and huff it to the town,
 Then you are up, and take the bullies down.
 Of beaux and politicks, and such like stuff,
 And ev'n of tawdry too, you've had enough—

On all degrees, from courtier to the eit,
Such stale dull jokes have been so often writ,
That nothing can be new, but decency and wit.
Thus far our bard—the rest is mine to say;
I am his friend, so, will attack his play.
How could his thoughtless head, with any truth,
(If Spanish dons are like our English youth)
Make his wild rake to sink from upper life,
To quit his mistress, for a lawful wife!
The author might have married him—but then,
He should have had his mistress back again.
This is the scheme our English Dons pursue,
Tho' one's too much, there's taste in having two.
As for the lady, I dislike her plan,
With you, I'm sure, she had not pass'd for man,
Had she with our young bloods contriv'd this freak,
She had been blown and ruin'd, in a week.
And if of virtue they could not have trick'd her,
They'd damn'd her for a fool, perhaps have kick'd her.
But, jest apart—for all our bard has wrote,
Our most alluring bait's the petticoat.
Before that magic shrine the proudest fall,
'Tis that enchanting circle draws in all.
Let fools say what they will, experience teaches,
'Tis best to marry first, then wear the breeches.

EPILOGUE TO

B A R B A R O S S A.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD, IN THE CHARACTER OF
A FINE GENTLEMAN.

Enter—speaking without.

P SHAW !—damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue,
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong ?
Had you ten epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ them all in *linguam Græcum*.
I'll do't, by all the gods !—(you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me !

[To the audience.]

Behold a gentleman ! and that's enough !
Laugh if you please, I'll take a pinch of snuff !
I come to tell you—(let it not surprize you)
That I'm a wit, and worthy to advise you. —
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, * that great looby,
To talk his nonsense ?—give me leave to say,
'Twas low—damn'd low !—but fav'd the fellow's play—
Let the poor devil eat, allow him that,
And give a meal to measter, mon and cat.
But why attack the fashions ? Senseless rogue !
We have no joys but what result from vogue :
The mode should all controul—nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion.

* See the Prologue, Vol. III. page 231.

*MR. WOODWARD in the CHARACTER
of A FINE GENTLEMAN Prologue to BARBAROSSA*



*Behold a Gentleman and that's enough:
Laugh if you please I'll take a pinch of Snuff.*

ALFRED GEORGE ALLEN & CO. LONDON



Printed by J. Smith, at the Sign of the Sun, in Pall Mall.

I hate, as much as he, a turtle-feast,
 But till the present turtle-rage has ceas'd,
 I'd ride a hundred miles, to make myself a beast.
 I have no ears, yet op'ras I adore!
 Always prepar'd to die, to sleep—no more!
 The ladies too, were carp'd at, and their drefs,
 He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Befs:
 They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free,
 But were they more, no ill effects I see,
 For more, or less, 'tis all the same to me.
 Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
 When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
 An English gentleman should never think—
 The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on,
 What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton;
 In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
 Which always ends in politics, or madness;
 I therefore now propose—by your command,
 That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
 Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of France,
 Let them grow grave---Let us begin to dance!
 Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
 A farce or two---and Woodward's pantomimes!

EPILOGUE TO

A T H E L S T A N.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

TO speak ten words, again I've fetch'd my breath,
 The tongue of woman struggles hard with death.
 Ten words ! will that suffice ? Ten words, no more !
 We always give a thousand to the score.
 What can provoke these wits their time to waste,
 To please that fickle, fleeting thing, call'd taste ?
 It mocks all search, for substance has it none ;
 Like Hamlet's ghost, 'tis here, 'tis there, 'tis gone.
 How very few about the stage agree !
 As men with diff'rent eyes a beauty see,
 So judge they of that stately dame, Queen Tragedy.
 The Greek-read critic, as his mistress holds her,
 And having little love, for trifles scolds her ;
 Excuses want of spirit, beauty grace,
 But ne'er forgives her failing time and place.
 How do our sex of taste in judgment vary ?
 Miss Bell adores what's loath'd by Lady Mary :
 The first in tenderness a very dove,
 Melts like the feather'd snow at Juliet's love :
 Then, fighting, turns to Romeo by her side,
 " Can you believe that men for love have dy'd ?"
 Her ladyship who vaults the courser's back,
 Leaps the barr'd gate, and calls, " You Tom and Jack ;"

Detests

Detests these whinings, like a true *virago* ;
 She's all for daggers ! blood ! blood ! blood, *Iago* !
 A third, whose heart defies all perturbations,
 Yet dies for triumphs, funerals, coronations !
 Ne'er asks, which tragedies succeed or fail,
 But whose procession has the longest tail.
 The youths, to whom France gives a new belief,
 Who look with horror on a rump of beef ;
 On Shakespeare's plays, with shrugg'd-up shoulders stare,
 These plays ? They're bloody murders—*O barbare !*
 And yet the man has merit—*entre nous*,
 He'd been damn'd clever, had he read *Bossu*.
 " Shakespeare read French !" roars out a surly cit :
 When Shakespeare wrote, our valour match'd our wit ;
 Had Britons then been fops, Queen Bess had hang'd 'em ;
 Those days they never read the French, they bang'd 'em.
 If taste evaporates by too high-breeding,
 And eke is overlaid by too deep reading ;
 Lest then in search of this you lose your feeling,
 And barter native sense in foreign dealing ;
 Be this neglected truth to Britons known,
 No tastes, no modes become you, but your own.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE TO THE

EARL OF ESSSEX.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, IN THE CHARACTER
OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IF any here, are Britons but in name;
Dead to their country's happiness and fame;
Let 'em depart, this moment—Let 'em fly
My awful presence, and my searching eye!
No more your queen, but upright judge I come,
To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home;
Try you in ev'ry point, from small to great,
Your wit, laws, fashions, valour, church and state!
Search you, as Britons ne'er were search'd before:
“O tremble! for you hear the lion roar!”
Since that most glorious time that here I reign'd,
An age and half! what have you lost or gain'd?
Your wit—whate'er your poets sing or swear;
Since Shakespeare's time is somewhat worse for wear.
Your laws are good, your lawyers good of course;
The streams are surely clear, when clear the source:
In greater store these blessings now are sent ye;
Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.
Fashions, ye fair, deserve nor praise nor blame,
Unless they rise as foes to sense or shame;
Wear ruffs, or gauze—But let your skill be such,
Rather to shew too little, than too much.

As

As for your valour—here my lips I close—
 Let those who best have prov'd it, speak, your foes.
 Your morals, church, and state, are still behind—
 But, soft, prophetic fury fills my mind !
 I see thro' time—Behold a youthful hand,
 Holding the sceptre of this happy land ;
 Whose heart with justice, love, and virtue fraught,
 Born amongst Britons, and by Britons taught ;
 Shall make the barking tongues of faction cease,
 And weave the garland of domestic peace :
 Long shall he reign, no storms to beat his breast,
 Unruly passions that disturb'd my rest !
 Shall live, the blessings he bestows, to share,
 Reap all my glory, but without my care.

EPILOGUE TO

EDGAR AND EMELINE.

OLD times, old fashions, and the fairies gone ;
 Let us return, good folks, to sixty-one ;
 To this blest time, ye fair, of female glory,
 When pleasures unforbidden lie before ye !
 No sprites to fright you now, no guardian elves ;
 Your wise directors are—your own dear selves ;
 And every fair one feels, from old to young,
 While these your guides, you never can do wrong.
 Weak were the sex of yore, their pleasures few,
 How much more wise, more spirited are you ?

Would

Would any lady Jane, or lady Mary,
 Ere they did this or that, consult a fairy?
 Would they permit this faucy pigmy crew,
 For each small slip, to pinch 'em black and blue?
 Well may you shudder---for, with all your charms,
 Were this the case, good heav'n, what necks and arms!

Thus did they serve our grandames, heretofore,
 The very thought must make us moderns fore!
 Did their poor hearts for cards or dancing beat,
 These elves rais'd blisters on their hands and feet:
 Tho' loo the game, and fiddles play'd most sweetly,
 They could not squeeze dear Pam, nor foot Moll Peatley.
 Were wives with husbands but a little willful,
 Were they at that same loo a little skillful;
 Did they with pretty fellows laugh or sport;
 Wear ruffs too small, or petticoats too short:
 Did they, no matter how, disturb their cloaths;
 Or over-lilied, add a little rose!
 These spiteful fairies rattled round their beds,
 And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads?
 Nay, while the husband snor'd, and prudish aunt,
 Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant---
 Tho' lock'd the door, and all as still as night.
 Pop thro' the key-hole whips the fairy sprite,
 Trips round the room, "My husband!" madam cries,
 "The devil! where!" the frightened beau replies,
 Jumps thro' the window-- she calls out in vain,
 He, cur'd of love, and cool'd with drenching rain,
 Swears--d-m-n him if he'll e'er intrigue again!"
 These were their tricks, of old---But all allow,
 No childish fears disturb our fair ones, now.---

Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be best
 To keep a little fairy in your breast:
 Not one that should with moderate passions war,
 But just to tweak you, when you go too far.

EPilogue TO THE
 LYING VALET.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree,
 And yet, look round the world, and you will see
 That many more, my betters, *lye* as fast as me.
 Against this vice we all are ever railing,
 And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
 You'll find but few without this useful failing.
 Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
 The *lye* goes round, and the ball's never still.
 My lies were harmless, told to show my parts;
 And not like those, when tongues belie their hearts.
 In all professions you will find this flaw;
 And in the gravest too, in phyfic and in law.
 The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
 "Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause."
 But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you—that he ly'd.
 A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
 First feels your pulse then thinks, and knows your case;

" Your fever's slight, not dangerous; I assure you;
 " Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will cure you."
 Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying:
 The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
 The poet, willing to secure the pit,
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste and wit:
 The cause comes on, and, while the judges try,
 Each groan and catcall gives the bard the lye.
 Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:
 They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
 " Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her fan)
 " How can our sex have any joy in man?
 " As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me,
 " And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me:
 " Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
 " The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
 Thus rails at man the squeamish lady Dainty,
 Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.
 In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
 The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
 And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
 Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
 Nor to his country shew the least relation.
 For instance, now——
 A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
 An Englishman, a coward or a slave.
 Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art:
 I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
 Rank me not therefore 'mongst the lying crew,
 For, though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

EPILOGUE TO THE

SCHOOL FOR RAKES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

I Long to know, dear Sirs, with due submission,
 How you approve me as a politician;
 The thought was mine.—I told the scribbling dame,
 This part of Winnifred is much too tame;
 Ask but the town, said I, they'll all agree,
 That a tame character will not suit me:
 I hate such lifeless, water-gruel stuff,
 Quicken her well, with politics, and snuff;
 Small quantities of both will be but teasing;
 Give them enough, and set the town a sneezing.
 Her scribbling vanity at this was stung;
 Would have disputed—Hold, says I, you're wrong,
 Don't be so rash, to draw on me your tongue;
 I have a weapon, should I take the field,
 A better, never did a woman wield;
 You'll find, when once my passion is afloat,
 The soul of Cæsar, in a petticoat!
 "Aye, but, says she, in politics there's danger,
 "To courts, and state affairs, I'm quite a stranger."
 So much the better, thou most simple woman,
 Blunders, in politics, are not uncommon.
 When you mistake the town will think you clever,
 Think that you mean great folks, and clap for ever.
 Old England, like a boy, loves wicked fun,
 buse your betters, and your work is done.

Small game the English spirit will not follow,
 'Tis at the nobler chase you hoop and hollow !
 O'er hedge, and ditch, you helter skelter, fly,
 Start but a statesman—Yoax ! the hounds full cry !
 To pick up lesser game you will not stay,
 While the fox runs, the hare may steal away ;
 Our auth'refs is the hare, who trembling fits,
 'Till she escape this dreadful pack of wits ;
 She hopes you will not hunt her, she's so small,
 But hark to mercy, as the noblest call.

EPILOGUE TO

H E C U B A.

SPOKEN BY MISS BRIDE.

STRIPP'D of my tragic weeds, and rais'd from death,
 In Freedom's land again I draw my breath :
 Tho' late a Trojan ghost, in Charon's ferry,
 I'm now an English girl alive and merry !
 Hey !—Presto !—I'm in Greece a maiden slain !
 Now ! stranger still ! a maid in Drury-Lane !
 No more by barb'rous men and laws confin'd,
 I claim my native rights—to speak my mind.
 Tho' poring pedants should applaud this piece,
 Behold a champion !—foe profess'd of Greece !
 I throw my gauntlet to the critic race :

[Throws down her glove.

Come forth, bold Grecians, meet me face to face.

Come forth, ye men of learning, at my call !

Learning ! a little feeling's worth it all !

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And you of taste and fashion I defy!

[Throws down another glove.]

But hold—you hate the Greek as much as I;

Then, let us join our force, and boldly speak,

That English every thing surpasses Greek.

Kill a young virgin, to resist unable!

Kill her, like house lamb, for a dead man's table.

Well may you tremble, ladies, and look pale!

Do you not shudder, parents, at this tale?

You sacrifice a daughter now and then,

To rich, old, wither'd, half-departed men:

With us, there's no compulsive law that can

Kill a live girl to make a quite dead man;

Had I been wedded to some ancient king,

I mean a Grecian—ancient's not the thing;

Then had our bard made ample reparation,

Then had you seen a Grecian coronation!

Sneer not, ye critics, at this rage for shew,

That honest hearts at coronations glow!

Nor snarl that our faint copies glad their eyes,

When from the thing itself such blessings rise.

EPILOGUE TO

E L V I R A.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

LADIES and gentlemen—'tis so ill bred—
We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,
Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry.

At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
 Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull.
 In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm ;
 A little lively nonsense taken warm :
 On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
 'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.
The town hates Epilogues—it is not true,
 I answer'd that for you—and you—and you——

[To pit, boxes, first gallery.]

They call for epilogues, and hornpipes too——

[To the upper gallery.]

Madam, the critics say—To you they're civil,
 Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil ;
 Out of this house, Sir, and to you alone,
 They'll smile, cry bravo ! charming !—Here they groan :
 A single critic will not frown, look big,
 Harmless and pliant as a single twig.
 But crouded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
 For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
 Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
 When *tête à tête* their enmity they smother.

“ Kiss me, my dear, how do you ?---charming creature !

“ What shape ! what bloom ! what spirits in each feature !

“ You flatter me, 'pon honor, no, you do——

“ My friend, my dear, sincerely yours, adieu !”

But when at routes, the dear friends change their tone—
 I speak of foreign ladies not our own.

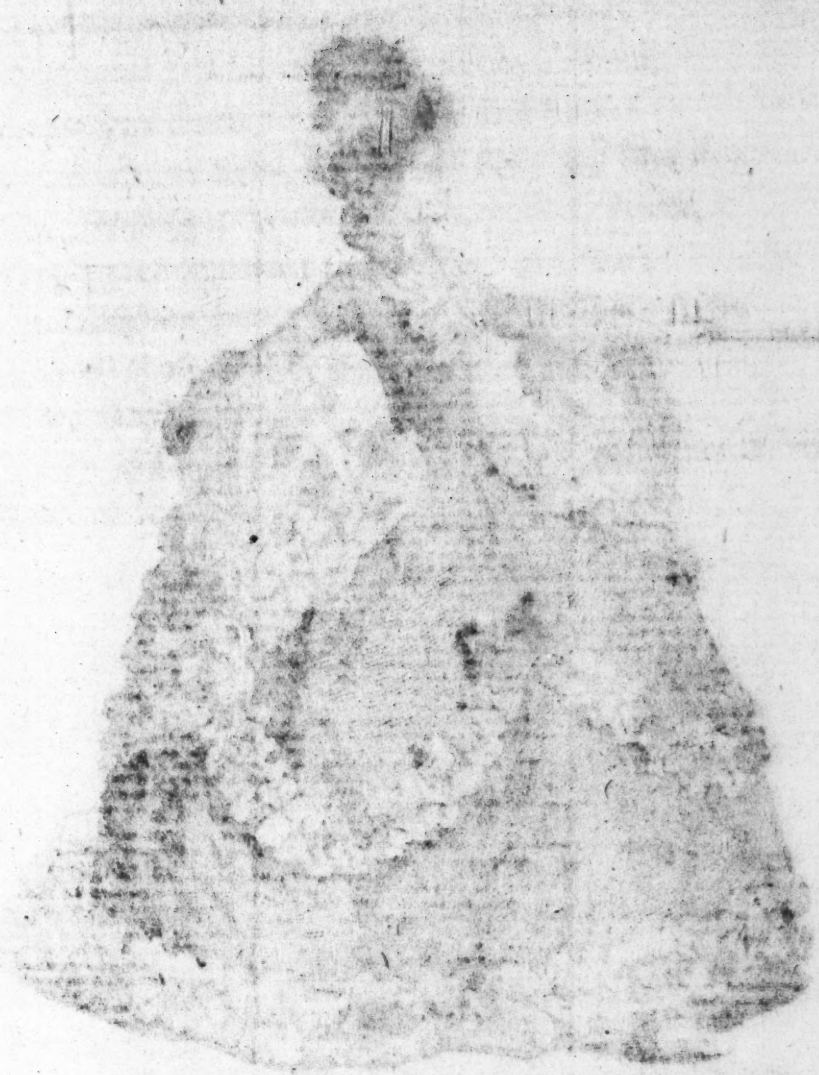
Will you permit, good Sirs, these gloomy folk,

To give all tragedy without one joke ?

They gravely tell us—tragedy's design'd,

To purge the passions, purify the mind ;

MR. YATES
FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN



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For
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To

MR^S YATES.

EPILOGUE to the EARL of WARWICK.



— "Now parry Margaret if you can."

To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
 With physic always give a sugar-plumb,
 I love these sugar-plumbs in prose or rhimes ;
 No one is merrier than myself sometimes ;
 Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
 Am melted down almost to skin and bone :
 This night, in sighs and sobs, I drew my breath ;
 Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
 Were scarce sufficient to compleat my fate ;
 Two children were thrown in to make up weight.
 With all these sufferings, is it not provoking,
 To be deny'd at last a little joking ?
 If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake break 'em,
 Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

EPILOGUE TO THE

EARL OF WARWICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

EXHAUSTED quite with prisons, racks and death,
 Permit me here to take a little breath !
 You, who have seen my actions, know their springs,
 Say, are we women such insipid things ?
 Say, lords of the creation, mighty men !
 In what have you surpass'd us, where ? and when ?
 I come to know to whom the palm is due :
 To us weak vessels, or to stronger you ?

M^{RS} YATES.

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 I come to know to whom the palm is due:
 To us weak vessels, or to stronger you?

Against your conqu'ring swords I draw——my fan.
Come on !---now parry Marg'ret if you can.

[Sets herself in a posture of defence.]

Stand up, ye boasters ! *[To the pit.]* don't there snea-
king sit ;

Are you for pleasure, politics, or wit ?
The boxes smile to see me scold the pit.
Their turn is next—and, tho' I will not wrong 'em,
A woeful havock there will be among 'em——

You, our best friends, love, cherish, and respect us ;
Not take our fortunes, marry, and neglect us.

You think, indeed, that, as you please, you rule us,
And with a strange importance often school us ;

Yet let each citizen describe a brother,
I'll tell you what you say of one another ,

“ My neighbour leads, poor soul, a woeful life,

“ A worthy man, but govern'd by his wife !”

How say you ?—What all silent !—then 'tis true ;

We rule the city—Now, great Sirs, to you.

[To the boxes.]

What is your boast ? Wou'd you like me have done,

To free a captive wife, or save a son ?

Rather than run such dangers of your lives,

You'd leave your children—and lock up your wives.

When with your noblest deeds a nation rings,

You are but puppets, and we play the strings.—

We plan no battles—true—but out of fight,

Crack goes the fan—and armies halt or fight !

You have the advantage, ladies ! wisely reap it,

And let me hint the only way to keep it ;

I

Let

Let men of vain ideas have their fill,
Frown, bounce, stride, strut, while you with happy skill,
Like anglers, use the finest, filken thread ;
Give line enough—nor check a tugging head :
The fish will flounder—you, with gentle hand,
And soft degrees, must bring the trout to land :
A more specific nostrum cannot be——
Probatum est——and never fails with me.

EPILOGUE TO THE
ENGLISH MERCHANT.

Enter Lady Alton [Mrs. Abington] in a passion ; Spatter, [Mr. King] following.

LADY ALTON.

I'LL hear no more, thou wretch,

Spatter.—Attend to reason !

L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis pretty treason !
Hear reason, blockhead ! Reason ! what is that ?
Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat !
Won't you begone ? What, won't you ? What's your view ?

Spatter, Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in you—

L. Alton. I renounce such things ;
Not *Phæbus* now, but vengeance sweeps the strings ;
My mind is discord all !—I scorn, detest
All human kind :—*you* more than all the rest.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, ma'am—but weigh the matter.

L. Alton.

L. Alton. I won't hear reason ! and I hate you, Spatter !
Myself, and ev'ry thing.

Spatter. That I deny ;
You love a little mischief, so do I ;
And mischief I have for you.

L. Alton. How, where, when,
Will you stab *Falbridge* ?

Spatter. Yes, ma'am—with my pen.

L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death you've
stung 'em,

That green-eye'd monster, jealousy, among 'em.

Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is,
Men, women, children, parsons, lords and ladies.
There will be danger.

L. Alton. And there shall be pay—
Take my purse, Spatter !

[Gives it him.]

Spatter. In an honest way. [Smiles and takes it.]

L. Alton. Should my lord beat you —

Spatter. Let them laugh that win :
For all my bruises, here's *gold-beater's skin* !

[Chinking the purse.]

L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you !

Spatter. Ma'am !

L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument !

Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my breath ;
We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side death.

L. Alton. Attack *Amelia*, both in verse and prose,
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose.

Spatter. A stinging nettle for his lordship's breast ;
And to my *stars* and *dashes* leave the rest.

I'll

I'll make them miserable, never fear;
 Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
 I know my genius, and can trust my plan;
 I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be severe and bold!

Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse of gold;
 Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
 Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and all.
 [Exit Spatter.

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter —
 O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!
 His precious mischief makes the storm subside!
 My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride!
 Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;
 And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion —
 Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
 For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade;
 Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,
 And some are better bred—who live with us —
 How low Lord Falbridge is!—He takes a wife,
 To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!
 Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
 No pleasure like a *vartuous tête à-tête*!
 Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
 There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
 Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,
 And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.
 With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather.
 And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm together:

Now

Now view their stock, now in their nursery prattle,
 For ever with their children or their cattle.
 Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep ;
 They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep ;
 " Their custom always in the afternoon—"
 He bright as *sol*, and she the chaste full moon !
 Wak'd with her coffee, madam first begins,
 She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins ;
 She sips and smirks ;—" Next week's our wedding day,
 " Married seven years !—and every hour [*yawns.*] more
 gay !"

" True, Emmy," cries my lord, " the blessing lies
 " Our hearts in every thing [*yawns*] so sympathize !"
 The day thus spent, my lord for music calls ;
 He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls ;
 The children join, which so delight these ninnies,
 The brats seem all *Guaduccis*, *Lovatinis*.
 —What means this qualm ?—Why, sure, while I'm de-
 spising,
 That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising !
 O no !—Contempt is struggling to burst out—
 I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's route.

[*Exit hastily.*]

EPILOGUE TO

FALSE DELICACY.

WHEN with the comic muse the bard hath dealing,
 The traffic thrives, when there's a mutual feeling;
 Our author boasts that well he chose his plan,
 False modesty!—himself an Irishman!
 As I'm a woman, somewhat prone to satire,
 I'll prove it all a bull, what he calls nature;
 And you, I'm sure, will join, before you go,
 To maul false modesty from Dublin, ho!
 Where are these Lady Lambtons to be found?
 Not in these riper times on English ground.
 Among the various flow'rs which sweetly blow,
 To charm the eyes at Almack's and Soho,
 Pray does that weed False Delicacy grow?
 Among the fair of fashion, common breeding,
 Is there one bosom where love lies a bleeding?
 In olden times, your grannams unrefin'd,
 Ty'd up the tongue, put padlocks on the mind,
 O, ladies, thank your stars, there nothing now confin'd.
 In love, you Englishmen, there's no concealing,
 Are most, like Winworth, simple in your dealing,
 But Britons, in their natures, as their names,
 Are diff'rent as the Shannon, Tweed and Thames,
 As the Tweed flows the bonny Scot proceeds,
 Wunds flaw, and fure, and nae obstruction heeds,

Though

Though oft repuls'd his purpose still hauds fast,
Stecks like a burr, and wuns the lass at last.

The Shannon, rough and vig'rous, pours along,
Like the bold accents of brave Paddy's tongue :

Arrah, dear creature, can you scorn me so ?

Cast your sweet eyes upon me, top and toe :

Not fancy me ?—Pooh !—that's all game and laughter,

First marry me, my jew'l—ho !—you'll love me after.

Like his own Thames, honest John Trot, their brother,

More quick than one, and much less bold than t'other,

Gentle not dull, his loving arms will spread ;

But stopt—in willows hides his bashful head ;

John leaves his home, resolv'd to tell his pain,

Hesitates—I—love—Fye, Sir—'tis vain,

John blushes, turns him round, and whistles home
again.

Well ! is my painting like ?—Or do you doubt it ?

What say you to a trial ?—Let's about it,

Let Cupid lead three Britons to the field,

And try which first can make a damsel yield ;

What say you to a widow ?—smile consent,

And she'll be ready for experiment.

EPILOGUE TO

Z E N O B I A

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

*[She peeps through the curtain.]***H**OW do you all, good folks?—In tears, for certain,I'll only take a *peep behind the curtain.*

You're all so full of tragedy and sadness!

For me to come among ye, would be madness:

This is no time for giggling—when you've leisure,

Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;

As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,

Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[She enters upon their clapping.]

This is so good to call me out so soon—

The Comic Muse by me intreats a boon;

She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honour,

And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;

But she, I'm sure, you'll all be sorry for't,

Religins her place, and soon retires from court:

To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,

When good folks leave us, worse may have a list.

The comic Muse whose every smile is grace,

And her stage sister, with her tragic face,

Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case.

And on their friends assembled now I wait,

To give you of their difference a true state.

Melpomene

Melpomene, complains when she appears,
 For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
 To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em;
 Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em.
 Some flippant huffey, like myself, comes in;
 Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
 "Hey! Presto! pass!"—all topsy-turvy see,
 For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd "to he, he, he!"
 We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,
 'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue!
 O! shame upon you—for the time to come,
 Know better, and go miserable home.
 What says our comic goddess?—With reproaches,
 She vows her sister tragedy encroaches!
 And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,
 Is known to have an am'rous disposition;
 For in False Delicacy—wond'rous fly,
 Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie!
 She made you when you ought to laugh, to cry.
 Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,
 Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
 You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with t'other.
 What can be done?—sad work behind the scenes!
 There comic females scold with tragic queens;
 Each party different ways the foe assails,
 These shake the daggers, those prepare their nails.
 'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
 Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
 What is your will?—I read it in your faces;
 That all hereafter take their proper places,
 Shake hands, and kiss, and friends, and burn their cases.

EPILOGUE TO

ALL IN THE WRONG.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

BLESS me, this summer work is so fatiguing !
 And then our play's so bustling, so intriguing !
 Such missing, fighting, scolding, all together,
 These love affairs suit best in colder weather.
 At this warm time these writers should not treat you
 With too much love and passion—for they heat you ;
 Poets like weavers shou'd with taste and reason,
 Adapt their various goods to every season——
 For the hot months the fanciful and flight,
 For mind and body something cool and light :
 Authors themselves indeed, neglect this rule,
 Drefs warm in summer, and at Christmas cool.
 I told our author, that these five-act plays
 Were rich brocades, unfit for sultry days.
 Were you a cook, said I, wou'd you prepare
 Large hams and roasted surloins for your fare ?
 Their very smoak wou'd pall a city glutton,
 A tragedy ! wou'd make you all unbutton !
 Both appetites now ask for daintier picking,
 Farce, pantomime, cold lamb, or white-legg'd chicken.
 At Ranalagh, fine rolls and butter see !
 Signior Tenducci, and the best green tea.
 Italian fingering is as light as feather,
Beard is too loud, too powerful for this weather.

Vauxhall more solidly regales your palates,
 Good wine, cantatas, cold boil'd beef, and ballads.
 What shall we do your different tastes to hit?
 You relish satire [*To the pit.*] you ragouts of wit.

[*To the boxes.*]

Your taste is humour and high-season'd joke,

[*To the first gallery.*]

You call for hornpipes, and for Hearts of Oak.

[*To the second Gallery.*]

O could I wish and have—A conjuring man
 Once told my fortune—and he charm'd this fan—
 Said, with a flirt, I might enjoy my wish!
 If so, I'll give you, Sirs, an English dish.
 If I, like Harlequin, have power o'er men,
 I'll flirt and wish, and wish and flirt again—
 Come then—a song— [*Flirts, and musick is heard.*] indeed!

I fee 'twill do:

Take heed, gallants, I'll play the deuce with you—
 When e'er I please, will charm you to my sight,
 And tear a fan with flirting every night.

SONG BY WAY OF EPILOGUE TO
ALL IN THE WRONG.

YE critics above, and ye critics below,
Ye finer-spun critics who keep the mid-row,
Oh, tarry one moment, I'll sing you a song,
Shall prove that like us—*You are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, wrong all, wrong all,

Sing tantara rara, all wrong,

Ye poets, who mount on the fam'd winged steed,
Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed?
For when by those hornets, the critics, he's stung,
You are thrown in the dirt—*And are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye actors, who act what those writers have writ,
Pray stick to your poet and spare your own wit;
For when with your own, you unbridle your tongue,
I'll hold ten to one—*You are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye knaves, who make news for the foolish to read,
Who print daily slanders, the hungry to feed;
For a while you mislead 'em, the news-hunting throng,
But the pillory proves—*You are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye grave politicians, so deep and so wise—
With your hums, and your shrugs, and your uplifted eyes,
The road that you travel is tedious and long,
But I pray you jog on—*You are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye happy fond husbands and fond happy wives,
 Let never suspicions embitter your lives ;
 Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be as strong ;
 Who watch, or who catch---*They are all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye unmarried folks be not bought or be sold ;
 Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old ;
 For they'll soon get together, the young with the young ;
 And then my wise old ones---*You're all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye soldiers and sailors who bravely have fought ;
 Who honour, and glory, and laurels have brought ;
 Let your foes but appear, you'll be at them ding dong,
 And if they come near you---*They're all in the wrong.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

Ye judges of taste to our labours be kind,
 Our errors are many, pray wink or be blind ;
 Still find your way hither, to glad us each night,
 And our note we will change to---*You're all in the right.*

Sing tantara rara, &c.

M. L. BINGHAM
EPICURE WITH TRAGEDY OF LIVES



THE FIRST OF THE SERIES
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

M^{RS} ABINGTON.

EPILOGUE to the TRAGEDY of ZINGIS.



_____ "Oh that dear Sparta!
"Their Women had a Noble Magna Charta.

EPILOGUE TO

Z I N G I S.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

I'M sent, good folks, to speak the epilogue,
 But 'tis so dull—I'll cheat the scribbling rogue :
 Among ourselves, your loss will be but small—
 You're too polite for epilogue to call. *[To the boxes.]*
 But as for you—it is your joy and pride *[To the gallery.]*
 Ever to call, but never satisfy'd.
 Will you, ye critics, give up Rome and Greece ?
 And turn Mahometans, and saye this piece !
 What shall our stage receive this Tartar race,
 Each whisker'd hero, with a copper face ?
 I hate the Tartars—hate their vile religion :
 We have no soul's, forsooth—that's their decision !
 These brutes some horrid prejudice controuls ;
 Speak, English husbands—have your wives no souls ?
 Then for our persons—still more shameful work,
 A hundred women, wed a single Turk !
 Again, ye English husbands, what say you ?
 A hundred wives ! you would not wish for two.
 Romans and Greeks for me !—O, that dear Sparta !
 Their women had a noble Magna Charta !
 There a young hero, had he won fair fame,
 Might, from her husband, ask a lovely dame ;
 The happy husband of the honour vain,
 Gave her with joy, took her with joy again :

The chosen dame no struggles had within,
 For to refuse, had been a public sin.
 And to their honour, all historians say,
 No Spartan lady, ever sinn'd that way.—

Ye fair who have not yet thrown out your bait,
 To tangle captives in the marriage state ;
 Take heed, I warn you, where your snares you set ;
 O, let not infidels come near your net.
 Let hand in hand, with prudence, go your wishes,
 Men are in general the strangest fishes !
 Do not for misery your beauty barter,
 And—O, take heed—you do not catch a Tartar,

EPILOGUE TO

A L M I D A.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

A Female bard, far from her native land,
 A female should protect—lo ! here I stand,
 To claim of chivalry the ancient rites,
 And throw my gauntlet at all *critic knights* !
 Nor only for our auth'refs am I come ;
 I rise a champion for the sex at home !
 Will shield you, ladies, from the stand'ring crew,
 And prove Greeks, Romans, all must yield to you :
 I've read how women, many of condition,
 Did, ere some conqu'ror storm'd a town, petition,

That

That each might take a load upon her back,
 Out march'd the dames, but carry'd no stuff sack,
 They bore their loving husbands pick-a-pack !
 The same domestic zeal has each fair she,
 In full perfection at the *Coterie* ;
 For don't they bargain when they quit their houses,
 At pleasure's call, to carry too their spouses !
 Whereas with you, ye fair ones, shall we see
 That Roman virtue—*hospitality* !
 The foreign artist can your smiles secure,
 If he be fencer, fiddler, or friseur ;
 From our dull yawning scenes fatigu'd you go,
 And croud to *Fantoccini's* puppet-show ;
 Each on the foreign things with rapture stares !
 “ Sweet dears !—they're more like flesh and blood than
 play'rs !”

As what we do, you modishly condemn,
 So now turn'd wood and wire, we'll act like them ;
 Move hands and feet, nay even our tongues anew,
Eh bien Monsieur ! comment vous portez-vous ?

Once more I challenge all the critic knights,
 From city jokers, to the wits at White's ;
 From daily scribblers, volunteers, or hacks,
 Up to those more than mortals at Almack's !
 Should any fribble critics dare to *dem*,
Gads-cuss—I'll throw a chicken glove at them :
 And if they shew their teeth they still will grin——
 Let 'em come on—I draw my corking pin !

[*Stands in a posture of defence.*

But should our soldiers, sailors, raise our fears,
 They only can be conquer'd by your tears. [*To the boxes.*

Your smiles may soften, but your tears can melt 'em,
 The bravest, boldest, mightiest men have felt 'em.
 Aye, you may sneer, ye wits, your hearts are steel,
 I speak of mortals who can fight, and feel!
 In peace or war, ye fair, trust only those,
 Who love the sex, and always beat their foes.
 Will none accept my challenge?—What disgrace,
 To all the nibbling, scribbling, stand'ring race,
 Who dare not meet a woman face to face!
 The auth'res and our sex have gain'd their cause!
 Compleat the triumph, give 'em your applause.

EPILOGUE TO

S E T H O N A,

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

AS it is prov'd by scholars of great fame,
 That Gypfies and Egyptians are the same;
 I, from my throne, of Memphis shift the scene,
 And of the Gypfies now step forth the queen!
 Suppose, that with a blanket on my shoulder,
 An old strip'd jacket, petticoat still older,
 With ebon locks, in wild disorder spread,
 The diadem, a clout about my head;
 My dingy majesty here takes her stand,
 Two children at my back, and one in hand;
 With curtsy thus, and arts my mother taught,
 I'll tell your fortunes, as a Gypsey ought;
 Too far to reach your palms, I'll mark the traces,
 Which fate has drawn upon your comely faces;

See what is written on the outward skin,
And from the title page know all within.

First, in your faces I will mark each letter——

[To the upper gallery.]

Had they been cleaner I had seen them better ;

Yet thro' that cloud some rays of sun-shine dart,

An unwash'd face oft veils the cleanest heart,

That honest tar, with Nancy by his side,

So loving, leering, whispers thus his bride ;

“ I love you, Nancy, faith and troth I do,

“ Sound as a biscuit is my heart, and true ;

“ Indeed, dear Johnny, so do I love you.”

Love on, fond pair, indulge your inclination,

You ne'er will know, for want of education,

Hate, infidelity, and seperation.——

Some cits I see look dull, and some look gay,

As in Change-Alley they have pass'd the day,

City barometers !—for as stocks go,

What mercury they have, is high or low.

What's in the wind which makes that patriot veer ?

He smells a contract or lott'ry next year :

Some courtiers too I see, whose features low'r,

Just turning patriots, they begin to four.

What in your faces can a Gypsy see,

Ye youths of fashion and of family ?

What are we not to hope from taste and rank ?

All prizes in this lottery ?—blank—blank—blank !

Now for the ladies—I no lines can spy,

To tell their fortunes—and I'll tell you why ;

Those fine-drawn lines, which would their fate display,

Are by the hand of fashion brush'd away ;

Pity

Pity it is, on Beauty's fairest spot,
 Where Nature writes her best, they make a blot!
 I'd tell our author's fortune, but his face,
 As distant far as India from this place,
 Requires a keener sight than mine to view;
 His fortune can be only told by you.

EPILOGUE TO THE
 MAID OF THE OAKS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

IN parliament, whene'er a question comes,
 Which makes the chief look grave, and bite his thumbs,
 A knowing one is sent—sly as a mouse,
 To peep into the humour of the house;
 I am that mouse, peeping at friends and foes,
 To find which carry it, the Ayes or Noes.
 With more than power of parliament you fit,
 Despotic representatives of wit;
 For in a moment, and without much pother,
 You can dissolve this piece, and call another.
 —As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see
 In what they differ, and in what agree,
 This said supreme assembly of the nation
 With this our great dramatic congregation.
 Business in both oft meets with interruption;
 In both, we trust, no brib'ry or corruption;

Both

Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
And the best speaker cannot keep you quiet :
Nay there, as here, he knows not how to steer him—
When order, order's drown'd in hear him, hear him !
We have, unlike to them, one constant rule :
We open doors, and choose our galleries full.
You ladies here have votes—debate—dispute,
There if you go (Oh ! fie for shame !) you're mute.
Never was heard of such a persecution,
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution ;
No human laws should nature's rights abridge,
Freedom of speech—our dearest privilege.
—Our's is the wiser sex, though deem'd the weaker ;
I'll put the question—if you'll choose me speaker.
—Suppose me now be-wigg'd and seated here,
I call to order, order !—you, chair ! chair !
Is it your pleasure that this bill should pass,
Which grants this poet upon mount Parnass',
A certain spot where ne'er grew corn or grass ?
You that would pass this play, say Aye, and save it ;
You who say no would damn—The Noes—Ayes have it.

EPILOGUE TO THE
CHOLERICK MAN.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

AS I'm an artist can my skill do better
Than paint your pictures ? for I'm much your debtor :
I'll draw the outlines—finish at my leisure—
A groupe like you wou'd be a charming treasure !
Here is my pencil, here my sketching-book,
Where for this work I memorandums took :
I will in full, three quarters, and profile,
Take your sweet faces, nay, your thoughts I'll steal ;
From my good friends above, their wives and doxies,
Down to Madame and Monsieur in the boxes :
Now for it, Sirs ! I beg, from top to bottom,
You'll keep your features fix'd till I have got 'em.
First for fine gentlemen my fancy stretches,
They'll be more like, the slihter are the sketches :
Such unembodied form invention racks ;
Pale cheeks, dead eyes, thin bodies, and long backs,
They would be best in shades, or virgin-wax. }
To make fine ladies like, the toil is vain,
Unless I paint 'em o'er and o'er again :
In frost tho' not a flower its charms discloses,
They can, like hot-houses, produce their roses.
At you, coquettes, my pencil now takes aim !
In love's 'Change-Alley playing all the game,
I'll paint you ducklings waddling out quite lame. }

The

The prude's most virtuous spite I'll next pourtray ;
 Railing at gaming—loving private play.
 Quitting the gay bon-ton, and Won'd-be-witty,
 I come to you, my patrons, in the city :
 I like your honest, open, English looks ;
 They shew too—that you well employ your cooks !
 Have at you, now—nay, Mister—pray don't stir,
 Hold up your head, your fat becomes you, Sir ;
 Leer with your eyes, as thus, now smirk—Well done !
 You're ogling, Sir—a haunch of venison.
 Some of your fickle patriots I shall pass——
 Such brittle beings will be best on glass.
 Now, courtiers, you, looks meant your thoughts to smother,
 Hands fix'd on one thing—eyes upon another.
 For politicians I have no dark tints——
 Such clouded brows are fine for wooden prints,
 To distant climes if modern Jasons roam,
 And bring the golden fleece with curses home,
 I'll blacken them with Indian ink—but then,
 My hands, like theirs, will ne'er be clean again.
 Though last, not least in love, I come to you.

[To the galleries.]

And 'tis with rapture Nature's son's I view ;
 With warmest tints shall glow your jolly faces,
 Joy, love, and laughter, there have fix'd their places,
 Free from weak nerves, bon-ton, *ennui* and foreign gra-
 ces.

I'll tire you now no more with pencil strictures ;
 I'll copy these—next week send home your pictures.

EPILOGUE TO THE
INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

WHAT son of phyfic but his art extends,
 As well as hands, when call'd on by his friends ?
 What landlord is so weak to make you fast,
 When guests like you bespeak a good repast ?
 But weaker still were he whom fate has plac'd
 To sooth your cares, and gratify your taste,
 Should he neglect to bring before your eyes,
 Those dainty Dramas which from genius rise ;
 Whether your luxury be to smile or weep,
 His and your profits just proportion keep.
 To-night he brought, nor fears a due reward,
 A Roman patriot by a female bard.
 Britons who feel his flame his worth will rate,
 No common spirit his, no common fate,
 Inflexible and captive must be great. }
 " How," cries a sucking fop, thus lounging, straddling,
 (Whose head shews want-of ballast by its noddling)
 " A woman write ? Learn, madam, of your betters,
 " And read a noble lord's posthumous letters.
 " There you will learn, the sex may merit praise,
 " By making puddings, not by making plays.
 " They can make tea and mischief, dance and sing ;
 " Their heads, though full of feathers, can't take wing."
 I thought they cou'd, Sir ; now and then, by chance,
 Maids fly to Scotland, and some wives to France.

He still went noddling on—" Do all she can,
 " Woman's a trifle—play-thing—like her fan."
 Right, Sir, and when a wife, the rattle of a man.
 And shall such things as these become the test
 Of female worth? The fairest and the best
 Of all heaven's creatures! for so Milton sung us—
 And with such champions, who shall dare to wrong us?
 Come forth, proud man, in all your powers array'd;
 Shine out in all your splendor—Who's afraid?
 Who on French wit has made a glorions war,
 Defended Shakespear, and subdu'd Voltaire?
 Woman.*—Who, rich in knowledge, knows no pride,
 Can boast ten-tongues, and yet not satisfied?
 Woman.† — Who lately sung the sweetest lay?
 A woman, woman, woman,‡ still I say.
 Well, then, who dares deny our power and might?
 Will any married man dispute our right?
 Speak boldly, Sirs, your wives are not in fight.
 What, are you silent?—Then you are content;
 Silence, the proverb tells us, gives consent.
 Critics will you allow our honest claim?
 Are you dumb too?—This night has fix'd our fame.

* Mrs. Montague, author of an essay on the writings of Shakespear.

† Mrs. Carter, well known for her skill in ancient and modern languages.

‡ Miss Aikin, who lately published some excellent poems.

EPILOGUE TO

THE DISCOVERY.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, IN THE CHARACTER OF
SIR ANTHONY BRANVILLE.

LADIES, before I go, will you allow
A most devoted slave to make a bow?
Brought to your bar, ye most angelic jury!
'Tis you shall try me for my amorous fury.
Have I been guilty, pray, of indecorum?
My ardors were so fierce I cou'd not lower 'em;
Such raging passions, I confess an evil,
In flesh and blood like mine, they play the devil!
Bound on the rack of love poor I was laid
Between two fires, a widow and a maid!
My heart, poor scorched dove, now pants for rest,
Where, ladies, shall the flutt'ring find a nest?
Take pity, fair ones, on the tortured thing,
Heal it, and let it once more chirp and sing:
Yet to approach you were infatuation;
If souls like mine so prone to inflammation,
Shou'd meet your tinder hearts, there would be conflagration!

Indeed, so prudent are most men of fashion,
They run no danger, for they feel no passion:
Tho' fairest faces smile, they can defy 'em;
Tho' softest tongues shou'd plead, they can deny 'em;
Mankind wou'd cease, but for such loving fools as I am;

When

MISS JOYCE

BRIDGE STREET, NEW YORK

5



Yours truly,
Miss Joyce

Miss YOUNG.

EPILOGUE to the RUNAWAY.



*and some whim
Good Sense to Govern me;— and let me Govern him.*

When I amongst them with my ardors glow,
 I'm Mount Vesuvius in the midst of snow!
 Had I the power, and of each sex were ruler,
 I'd warm the one, and make the other cooler.
 When I address the fair, no art can smother
 The mutual flame we kindle in each other.
 I'm now electrify'd; therefore expedient
 To fly combustibles.—Ladies—your obedient.

Great love of me must keep his heart from roving;
 Then I'll forgive him—if he proves too loving.
 If, in these times, I should be pleas'd by fate,
 With such a phœnix mate,
 I will, by kindness, and some small dissembling,
THE RUNAWAY.
 Take care that I have a torch continues burning:

At weddings now we have the torch thrown down,
 Just makes a smoke, then sinks throughout the town!

POST haste from Italy arrives my lover!
 Shall I to you, good friends, my fears discover?
 Should foreign modes his virtues mar and mangle,
 And *caro sposo* prove—Sir *Dingle Dangle*;
 No sooner join'd, than separate we go;
 Abroad—we never shall each other know,
 At home—I mope *above*—he'll pick his teeth *below*.
 In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,
 And wedded tho' I am, shall still live *single*.
 However modish, I detest this plan;
 For me no maukish creature, weak and wan:
 He must be English and an English man.
 To nature and his country false and blind,
 Should *Belville* dare to twist his form and mind,

I will discard him—and, to Britain true,
 A Briton chuse—and may be one of you—
 Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jest:
 Freemen, in love, or war, should ne'er be press'd.
 If you would know my utmost expectation,
 'Tis one unspoil'd by *travell'd* education;
 With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and some whim,
 Good sense to govern *me*—and let *me* govern *him*.
 Great love of me must keep his heart from roving;
 Then I'll forgive him—if he proves too loving.
 If, in these times, I should be blest'd by fate,
 With such a phoenix, such a matchless mate,
 I will, by kindness, and some small discerning,
 Take care that Hymen's torch continues burning:
 At weddings now-a-days, the torch, thrown down,
 Just makes a smoke, then stinks throughout the town!
 No married Puritan; I'll follow pleasure,
 And ev'n the fashion—but in mod'rate measure;
 I will of op'ra extasies partake,
 Tho' I take snuff, to keep myself awake:
 No rampant plumes shall o'er my temples play,
 Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
 Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,
 To shew the soil can teem with ev'ry thing;
 No *fruits, roots, greens*, shall fill the ample space,
 A *kitchen-garden* to adorn my face!
 No *rocks* shall there be seen, no *windmill, fountain*,
 Nor *curls*, like guns set round to guard the mountain!
 Oh, learn, ye fair, if this same madness spreads,
 Not to *hold up*, but to *keep down* your heads!

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M^r. MATTOCKS.

EPILOGUE to KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.



now turn we to our Poet;
"Know your own mind;— are any here who know it

Be not misled by strange fantastic *Art*,
 But in your dress let *Nature* take some part;
 Her skill alone a lasting pow'r insures,
 And best can ornament such charms as *yours*.

EPILOGUE TO
 KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

IF, after tragedy, 'tis made a rule
 To jest no more, I'll be no titt'ring fool,
 To jog you with a joke, in tragic doze,
 Nor shake the dew-drops from the weeping rose.

Prudes of each sex affirm, and who denies,
 That in each tear a whimp'ring Cupid lies :
 To such wise formal folks my answer's simple ;
 A thousand Cupids revel in a dimple !
 From their soft nests, with laughter, out they rush,
 Perch'd on your heads, like small-birds in a bush :
 Beauty resistless in each smile appears——
 Are you for dimples, ladies, or for tears ?

Dare they, with comedy, our mirth abridge ?
 Let us stand up for giggling privilege ;
 Assert our rights, that laughter is no sin,
 From the *screw'd smiler*, to the *broad-fac'd grin*.

So much for self ; now turn we to our poet——
Know your own mind !—Are any here who know it ?

M^{rs} MATTOCKS.

EPILOGUE to KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.



_____ "now turn we to our Poet;
"Know your own mind;— are any here who know it."

Be not misled by strange fantastic *Art*,
 But in your dress let *Nature* take some part;
 Her skill alone a lasting pow'r insures,
 And best can ornament such charms as *yours*.

EPILOGUE TO
 KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

IF, after tragedy, 'tis made a rule
 To jest no more, I'll be no titt'ring fool,
 To jog you with a joke, in tragic doze,
 Nor shake the dew-drops from the weeping rose.

Prudes of each sex affirm, and who denies,
 That in each tear a whimp'ring Cupid lies :
 To such wise formal folks my answer's simple;
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 From their soft nests, with laughter, out they rush,
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 Let us stand up for giggling privilege ;
 Assert our rights, that laughter is no sin,
 From the *screw'd smiler*, to the *broad-fac'd grin*.

So much for self ; now turn we to our poet——
Know your own mind !—Are any here who know it ?

To know one's mind is a hard task, indeed,
 And harder still for us, by all agreed ;
 Cards, balls, beaus, feathers, round the eddy whirling,
 Change every moment—while the hair is curling.
 The Greeks say—" *Know thyself.*"—I'm sure I find,
 I *know*, *myself*, that I don't *know* *my mind*.
 Know *you* your minds, wise men ?—Come, let us try,
 I have a worthy cit there in my eye. [Looking up.]

Tho' he to sneer at us takes much delight,
 He cannot fix where he shall go, to-night ;
 His pleasure and his peace are now at strife,
 He loves his bottle, and he fears his wife.
 He'll quit this house, not knowing what to do ;
 The *Shakespeare's Head* first gives a pull or two,
 But, with a fideling struggle, he gets through ?
 Darts across Russel-street ; then, with new charms,
 The fyren, *Luxury*, his bosom warms,
 And draws him in the vortex of the *Bedford Arms*.
 Happy this night—but when comes wife and sorrow ?
 " *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow !*

I see some laughers here ; pray, which of you
 Know your own minds ? In all this house but few :
 Wits never know their minds ; our *minor blades*,
 Changing from bad to worse, now spin *charades*.
 O'er *law* and *physic* we will draw a curtain ;
 There nothing but *uncertainty* is certain :
 Grave looks, wigs, coats—the *doctors* now relinquish 'em ;
 They're right—from *undertakers* to distinguish 'em.
 The *courtiers*, do 'em justice, never doubt,
 Whether 'tis better to be *in* or *out* :

Some *patriots* too, know their own mind and plan;
 They're firmly fix'd—to get *in* when they can.
Gamesters don't waver; they all *bazards* run;
 For some must cheat, and more must be undone.
Great statesmen know their minds, but ne'er reveal 'em;
 We never know *their* secrets—till we feel 'em.

Grant me a favour, critics, don't say nay;
 Be of *one mind* with me, and like this play;
 Thence will two wonders rise: wits will be kind;
 Nay, more—behold, a woman *knows her mind*!

EPILOGUE TO

P E R C Y.

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES.

I Must, will speak—I hope my dress and air
 Announce the *man of fashion*, not the *player*:
 Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
 Yet I have rush'd thro' heroes, kings, and queens;
 Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
 To drive these ballad heroes from the stage——

“ To drive the deer with hound and horn,

“ Earl *Percy* took his way;

“ The child may rue that is unborn,

“ The hunting of that day.”

A pretty basis, truly, for a maudlin play!

What, shall a scribbling, senseless woman dare,

To offer to your *tastes* such *tasteless* fare?

Is *Douglas* or is *Percy* fir'd with passion,
 Ready for *love* or *glory*, death to dash on,
 Fit company for modern still-life *men of fashion*?
 Such madness will our hearts but slightly graze;
 We've no such frantic *nobles*, now-a-days.
 Could we believe old stories, those strange fellows
 Marry'd for *love*, could of their wives be jealous—
 Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
 The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!
 Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one mind,
 One head too—so preposterously join'd!
 From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) *we're* refin'd.
 Old songs their happiness at *home* record,
 From *home* they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd—
 One horse serv'd both—my Lady rode behind my Lord.
 'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asunder:
 Now, tack'd so slightly, *not to snap's* the wonder.
 Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide,
 They mix'd their love with monumental pride;
 For, cut in stone, they still lay *side by side*.
 But why these *Gothic* ancestors produce?
 Why scour their rusty armours? What's the use?
 'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
 To see us beaus bend under coats of mail;
 Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
 Good Heaven! how much court-plaister we should use!
 We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
 Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;
 Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended,
 Let the *dead* rest—we *living* can't be mended.

EPILOGUE TO

A L F R E D.

BROKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

OUR bards of late, so tragic in their calling,
 Have scarce preserv'd one heroine from falling :
 Whether the dame be widow, maid or wife,
 She seldom from their hands escapes with life :
 If this green cloth could speak, would it not tell,
 Upon its well-worn nap how oft I fell :
 To death, in various forms, deliver'd up,
 Steel kills me one night, and the next the cup :
 The tragic process is as short as certain ;
 With this,* or this,† I drop—then drops the curtain.
 No faint can lead a better life than I ;
 For half is spent in studying how to die.
 The learn'd dispute how tragedies should end——
 Oh, happily, say some—some death defend :
 Mild critics wish good fortune to the good,
 While others, hot-brain'd, roar for blood! blood! blood!
 The fair, tho' nervous, tragic to the foul,
 Delights in daggers, and the poison'd bowl.
 “ I would not give a black-pin for a play,
 “ Unless in tenderness I melt away :

* She makes the motion of stabbing.

† And here of drinking poison.

" From pangs and death no lovers would I save :
 " They should be wretched, and despair, and rave,
 " And ne'er together lie—but in the grave !" }
 The brave, rough soldier, a soft heart discovers ;
 He swears and weeps at once, when dead the lovers ;
 As down his cheeks runs trickling nature's tide,
 " Damn it—I wish those young ones had not dy'd !" }
 Tho' from his eyes the drop of pity falls,
 He fights like Cæsar when his country calls,
 In spite of critic laws, our bard takes part,
 And joins in concert with the soldier's heart :
 O, let your feelings with this party side !
 For once, forgive me, that I have not dy'd ;
 Too hard that fate, which kills a virgin bride ! }

EPILOGUE TO THE

SPANISH BARBER.

WHAT various modes prevail in various parts !
 And, to indulge our passions, what strange arts !
 To cheat the *old*, the *young* exert their skill,
 And often cheat themselves, to have their will.
 In *Spain*, to lock up girls it is their plan,
 To pick the locks, the *Barber* is the man ;
 He, foe profess'd to age, friend to young bloods,
 Oft leaves the blinded *Argus* in the fuds ;
 And, while warm youth with trembling beauty flies,
 With news and lather fills his ears and eyes.

The

The old one chuckles, thinks all safe within,
Nor feels his forehead grow, while reap'd his chin.

In *France* there needs no subtle go-between;
Husbands and wives are ne'er together seen;
Or should, by chance, those easy couples meet,
In balls, plays, operas, gardens, or the street,
No frowns exchang'd, each freedom gives and grants:
Monsieur has Madames, Madame her gallants.

In *Italy*, the climate is so warm,
Cupids, like gnats, throughout the country swarm,
And sting both old and young—but in that nation,
No patient suffers long an inflammation;
Husbands themselves the men of skill invite,
And *cecisbeo* doctors cure the bite.

For hearts inflam'd, where get *our* fair their cure?
Here Love's prime minister's a French friseur!
To each commodious art politely bred,
While he *works up*, he *turns* the female head:
From the same land, the millinery crew
Finish the lady's head—and husband's too:
Intrigues, *once* dreadful, as our taste improves,
Now easy fit, and fit us like French gloves.
But, to be grave—If four Old Age, with care,
Will lock up, with their gold, the captive fair,
We hope the sons of freedom not so few,
Nor so be-devil'd, *be-maccaronied* too,
But some old-fashion'd folks will lend their aid,
And, with their country, free each captive maid:
For what is gold or beauty in a nation,
Unless you give it a free circulation?

Should

Should it be said (alas ! with truth) that some
 Amongst the fair ramble too far from home,
 In giddy whirls forget their sex and state,
 Then let each gadder feel a different fate !
 Let there no female rakes in Britain be,
 Nor female slaves—but let us all agree,
 That those too loose be fast, and those too fast, be free !

EPILOGUE TO THE

S U I C I D E.

SPOKEN BY MISS FARREN.

THE critics say, and constantly repeat,
 That woman acting man's a filly cheat,
 That ev'n upon the stage it should not pass ;
 To which I say—a critic is an ass.
 As man, true man we could not well deceive,
 But we, like modish things, may make believe.
 Would it be thought I give myself great airs,
 To put my manhood on a foot with their's ?
 Speak, you that are men, is my pride too great
 To think you'd rather have with me—a tête à tête ?

In this our play what dangers have I run ?
 What hair-breath 'scapes ! and yet the prize have won.
 Is it a prize ? He may prove cross, or jealous,
 In marriage lotteries the knowing tell us
 Among our modern youths much danger lies,
 There are a hundred blanks for one poor prize.

Was I not bold, ye fair, to undertake
 To tame that wildest animal—a rake?
 To lead a tyger in a filken string,
 Hush the loud storm, and clip the whirlwind's wing!
 My pride was piqued, all dangers I would thro',
 To have her way what would not woman do?
 The papers swarm each day with patent puffers,
 For smoaky chimnies—powders—mousetraps—snuffers;
 And I could fame as well as fortune raise,
 To cure by patent, *La folie Angloise*.
 I'm sure you all my *nostrum* will approve,
 By Nature's guidance let your passions move,
 Drive out that *demon* gaming, by the Angel Love.
 But, ladies, if you wish to know my plan,
 By stratagem, not force, attack your man.
 By open war the danger is increas'd:
 Use gentle means to soothe the savage breast.
 If when his blood boils o'er, your's bubbles too,
 Then all is lost, and there's the devil to do.
 Piff, puff, blown up at once the lover's part,
 He snaps his chain, and madam—breaks her heart—
 Hymen puts out his torch, and Cupid blunts his dart.
 Thus ends the farce, or tragedy of love;
 But, ladies, if your sparks are given to rove,
 From my experience take one general rule—
 Cool as he warms, and love will never cool.
 If smoak prevails, and the choak'd flame is dying,
 Then gently fan it with some little fighing;
 Then drop into the flame a tear or two,
 And, blazing up like oil 'twill burn him thro';

Then

Then add kind looks, soft words, sweet smiles—no point,
 And take my word the flame will ne'er go out.
 These with good humour mix'd, the balm of life,
 Will be the best receipt for maid or wife,

EPILOGUE TO THE

FATHERS.

SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNGE.

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to speak the phrase,
 Which suits the warlike spirit of these days—
 Are cannon charg'd, or should be charg'd with wit,
 Which pointed well, each rising folly hit;
 By a late gen'ral who commanded here,
 And fought our bloodless battles many a year!
 'Mongst other favours were conferr'd on me,
 He made me captain of artillery!
 At various follies many guns I fir'd,
 Hit 'em point blank, and thought the foe retir'd;
 But vainly thought—for to my great surprise,
 They now are rank and file before my eyes!
 Nay to retreat may even me oblige;
 The works of folly stand the longest siege!
 With what brisk firing, and what thunder-claps,
 Did I attack those high-built castles—caps!
 But tow'ring still, they swell in lofty state,
 Nor strike one ribband to capitulate;

Whilst

Whilst beaus behind, thus peeping, and thus bent,
 Are the besieg'd, behind the battlement :
 But you are conquerors, ladies — have no dread,
 Henceforth in peace enjoy the *cloud-cap'd-head* !
 We scorn to ape the French, their tricks give o'er,
 Nor at your *rigging* fire one cannon more !
 And now, ye bucks, and bucklings of the age,
 Tho' caps are clear, your hats shall feel my rage ;
 The high-cock'd, half-cock'd, quaker, and the flouch,
 Have at ye all ! — I'll hit you, tho' ye crouch ;
 We read in history — one William Tell,
 An honest Swiss, with arrows shot so well,
 On his son's head, he aim'd with so much care,
 He'd hit an apple, and not touch one hair :
 So I, with such like skill, but much less pain,
 Will strike your hats off, and not touch your brain :
 To curse our head dress ! an't you pretty fellows :
 Pray who can see thro' your broad-brim'd umbrellas ?
 That penthouse worn by slim Sir *Dainty Dandle* !
 Seems to extinguish a poor farthing candle —
 We look his body thro' — But what fair she,
 Thro' the broad cloud that's round his head can see ?
 Time was, when Britons to the boxes came,
 Quite spruce, and *chapeau bas* ! address'd each dame.
 Now with flapt hats, and dirty boots they come,
 Look knowing thus — to every female dumb ;
 But roar out — Hey, *Jack* ! so, *Will* ! you there, *Tom* !
 Both sides have errors, that there's no concealing ;
 We'd low'r our heads, had but men's hearts some feeling.
Valence, my spark, play'd off his modish airs,
 But Nature gave us wit to cope with theirs ;

Our

Our sex have some small faults won't bear defending,
 And tho' near perfect, want a little mending ;
 Let Love step forth, and claim from both allegiance,
 And bring back caps and hats to due obedience.

EPILOGUE TO

THE CARMEN SECULARE.

SUCH strains, as mingled with the lyre,
 Could Rome with generous ardour fire,
 Ye sons of Britain, deign to hear,
 Nor think our wishes less sincere.

May ye th' alternate blessings share,
 Of plenteous peace, and prosp'rous war ;
 And o'er the globe extend your reign,
 Unbounded rulers of the main.

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